

The American Girl

For All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts

SEPTEMBER

1928

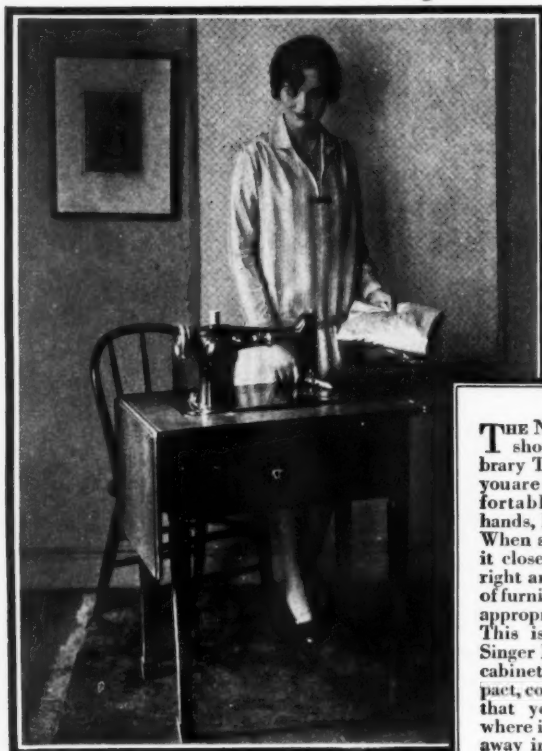


In this issue

"Commencement for Midge and Glo and Me"

2 o'clock!
Let's make a frock!

5 o'clock!
It's done!



THE New Singer Electric shown here is the Library Table Model. When you are sewing you sit comfortably at ease. Both hands, both feet are free. When sewing time is over it closes as shown at the right and becomes a piece of furniture, a desk or table appropriate for any room. This is one of six new Singer Electrics, including cabinet models and compact, convenient portables that you can carry anywhere in the house and set away in any small space.

Complete to the last bit of Smart Finishing on a New Singer Electric

HOW long would you say it should take to make this smartly new dress perfectly—bind its edges, shirr it at the shoulders with professional skill? Two days—three? Then you have not discovered this amazingly versatile new kind of sewing machine. For with the New Singer Electric it was made completely, every perfect seam, every bit of smart finishing, in almost exactly three hours. And with such ease, so smoothly, so quietly! For hidden power, responding to a gentle pressure of the knee, did all the work.

The New Singer Electric—with Singer easy-to-use attachments—is a revelation of how delightful sewing can be. But you must make this discovery for yourself. So we invite you to take any modern Singer Electric into your own home and use it on your own sewing, without the slightest obligation. When the Singer man calls, let him give you an interesting demonstration. Or simply telephone or call at the nearest Singer Shop and ask for a machine on the Self Demonstration Plan. It will be a revelation to you.

The New SINGER ELECTRIC

*“Sold only by the Singer Sewing Machine Company.”
Shops and salesmen in every community. Easy payments. Liberal allowance for your present machine.”*

Sewing Machines

Copyright U. S. A. 1924 by The Singer Manufacturing Co. All Rights Reserved for All Countries

THE AMERICAN GIRL, published monthly by the Girl Scouts, Inc., at National Headquarters, 670 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. Subscription, \$1.50 a year. \$2.00 for two years. Copyright, 1927, Girl Scouts, Inc. Entered as second class matter August 11, 1922, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. additional entry at Greenwich, Conn. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized November 17, 1921.

In Boston—

Official Headquarters in
BOSTON
for Girl Scout
Apparel and Ac-
cessories

A Special Section, de-
voted to Girl and Boy
Scout Equipment is lo-
cated on the Third
Floor, Main Store.

Jordan Marsh Company



In St. Paul—

Official Headquarters in
Saint Paul, Minnesota

The Golden Rule

In Newburgh—

Girl Scouts of Orange County

For That New Uniform
Or Other Equipment

Go to **STERN'S**
NEWBURGH NEW YORK



The Juliette Low Fund

WHEN you read this many of you will probably be home from camp, and getting ready to start your fall troop meetings. In the excitement of seeing your friends again and perhaps refurbishing your troop room, don't forget the Juliette Low Memorial Fund. There is still time, if you hurry, to get your contribution in before September first, so that the name of your troop will appear in the *Girl Scout Leader* for October and in *THE AMERICAN GIRL* summary, as one which has taken part in establishing the Fund. If you cannot raise your gift by September first, however, send it as soon as possible after that date, so that your troop will be on the list to be shown to the Girl Scout Convention in October.

The Fund has reached the \$22,000 mark during the past month, and gifts have come from individual Girl Scouts, and from troops. It would be a good idea, now that you are home again, to have a housewarming in your troop room or your Little House and serve tea and sell candy for the benefit of the Fund; or, perhaps, have a troop birthday party to which each guest is asked to bring a little bag with as many pennies in it as he or she is years old.

These are just suggestions for you. We know that you all want to share in this memorial to our Founder, Mrs. Low, and that you probably have some excellent ideas of your own as to how you will do it. The interest on the money raised will be used, as Mrs. Low would have wished, to spread the ideals of Girl Scouting and further the friendship of girls all over the world.

So don't forget to mail your check or money order as soon as you can, to "The Memorial Fund" 670 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York. Just make it payable to Girl Scouts, Incorporated.

GIRL SCOUT EQUIPMENT

GIRL SCOUT EQUIPMENT

GIRL SCOUT EQUIPMENT

GIRL SCOUT EQUIPMENT

GIRL SCOUT EQUIPMENT

GIRL SCOUT EQUIPMENT

GIRL SCOUT EQUIPMENT

GIRL SCOUT EQUIPMENT

GIRL SCOUT EQUIPMENT

GIRL SCOUT EQUIPMENT

GIRL SCOUT EQUIPMENT

GIRL SCOUT EQUIPMENT

GIRL SCOUT EQUIPMENT

In Brooklyn

Official head-
quarters for Girl
and Boy Scout
clothing and ac-
cessories is at
A & S—where a
special depart-
ment awaits you.

ABRAHAM & STRAUS INC.
BROOKLYN

In Rochester—

GIRL SCOUT
APPAREL Head-
quarters are located
in the Shops of
Youthful Fashions, on
the Third Floor.

B. Forman Co.

... in Scranton

... you find all Girl
Scouts equipment ...
and Boy Scouts too ...
on Samters young folks
floor ... the second ...
only at

Samters

Scranton, Pa.

In Indianapolis

Girl Scouts will naturally secure
all their equipment from

L. S. Ayres & Company



The MAN O'WAR MIDDY

*The sloped sides
make it fit*



A real girl who appreciates a real middy

Elizabeth T—— lives at Babylon, N. Y., where ocean breakers wash up against the south shore of Long Island. She's a "regular fellow" from her wind tossed bob to her fast stepping sneaks. Elizabeth is as brown as a berry, strong as a boy and one of the most active girls in her group at Babylon. She looks mighty attractive in her MAN O'WAR Middy as she sails her trim boat out in the ocean or romps with her snow-white dog on land. This is what she wrote us about the MAN O'WAR Middy:

"Gentlemen:

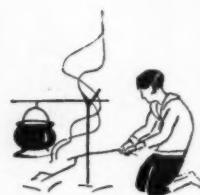
It's too bad you didn't send the questionnaire to me, The MAN O'WAR Middy is certainly a favorite here.

I got my first MAN O'WAR Middy about a year ago. I've been wearing them ever since. They're the "fittest" middy I ever saw. So will you please send me the booklet of other MAN O'WAR things.

Yours truly,
Elizabeth T——" (signed)



The questionnaire mentioned in Elizabeth T——'s letter is one that was sent out by The American Girl to Girl Scouts all over the country. In answering it 47% of them voted the MAN O'WAR their favorite middy.



The A-11 model which Elizabeth T—— wears is priced at \$1.50—a small price to pay for a beautifully tailored middy, with double stitching throughout and other special features like the sloped sides, convenient pocket, deep hem at the bottom and the well placed tie-loop. This model is made in snow-white Super Jean and fits as becomingly as though made to order.

MAN O'WAR Middies, Bloomers and other smart togs for school, gym and camp are sold by good stores all over the country and are always identified by the MAN O'WAR label. If you do not know where to buy MAN O'WAR togs locally, please use the coupon.

Branigan, Green & Co.,
1270 Broadway, New York City

A.G.-9

Please send me your free booklet of Camp, School and Gym togs for American girls.

Name.....

Address.....

Favorite Store.....

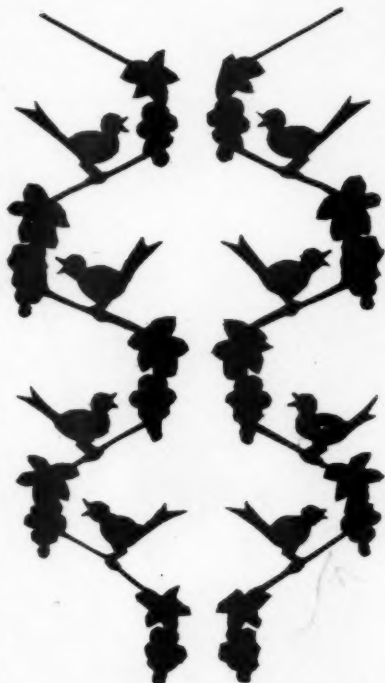
Along the Editor's Trail

HOW MUCH shall I become like everyone else; how much of my own personality shall I keep?—that is the question asked by the girl who wrote the "I am a girl who is different" letter on page thirteen, and I think it is one of the most important we all have to answer.

Of course, we are all different, and because we are different we are lonely. For, by some trick of nature, we are born wanting desperately to find someone to understand us. We want someone who can give us back our thought; someone whose understanding glance, perhaps, may meet ours across a roomful of people; someone who will have sympathy and companionship and understanding for us. The girl who seems interested only in clothes and "dates" may be hoping that in the boy who is taking her to the movies tonight, she will find that one sympathetic person. And others learn, like the girl who wrote this letter, that one doesn't find all that is delightful in one person. She finds that one person responds to one thing in her; that another makes her happy in quite a different way; and she finds a full life in her contacts with a number of different people.

But I am thinking especially of the girl who is different from most of the people who are around her; who, after she has talked of family affairs with her family, of school and "dates" and games with her school friends, finds that there is no one with whom she can share the thoughts that seem most important of all to her.

I think this may happen very often to a girl or boy who has a deep love for one of the arts, if that girl or boy is growing up in a community where few



people are interested in art or music or poetry. There are times when she is so filled with emotion over some beauty or sensation that she feels that if she does not share it she will burst.

And we all know people who have turned in on themselves until they have become warped and lonely and a little queer.

We do not want to become like that; and we do want companionship. Finding friends is one of the most interesting things we do. But for those who seek a special quality of comradeship, the search for understanding friends may become an adventure more exciting than anything else.

Of course we must go about it delicately. We cannot go mooning over the sunset with the idea that every other person who enjoys sunsets will immediately mark us for a superior being and seek us out. And it is easy enough, if we are socially a flop, to console ourselves with the thought that we are a bit better than everybody else and so are misunderstood. But if we are sincere with ourselves, we will not do that either. We try first meeting people on their own ground. It's a sort of game—we try them out a little and they try us out a little, like volleying at tennis to find your partner's strength before you begin to play.

Certainly we must not try to become like everyone else. The way to live, I think, is to hold fast to that world of feeling and imagination in which we are happy, guarding it and seeking out the people who will share it; but trying also to meet the people about us in their worlds. We must be like birds which can soar alone into the blue sky, but which can come back to earth at nesting time.

A table of contents for this issue will be found on page 50

CAMILLE DAVIED, *Editor*
MARGARET MOCHRIE, *Assistant Editor*

THE AMERICAN GIRL

670 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

A. J. FEHRENBACH, *Business Manager*
ELSIE WRASE, *Circulation Manager*

ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVES: Powers & Stone, Inc., First National Bank Bldg. Chicago, Ill.; Edgar A. Steele, 260 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.; Harry E. Hyde, 548 Drexel Building, Philadelphia, Pa.; Hallet E. Cole, 2320 Mar Vista, Pasadena, California.

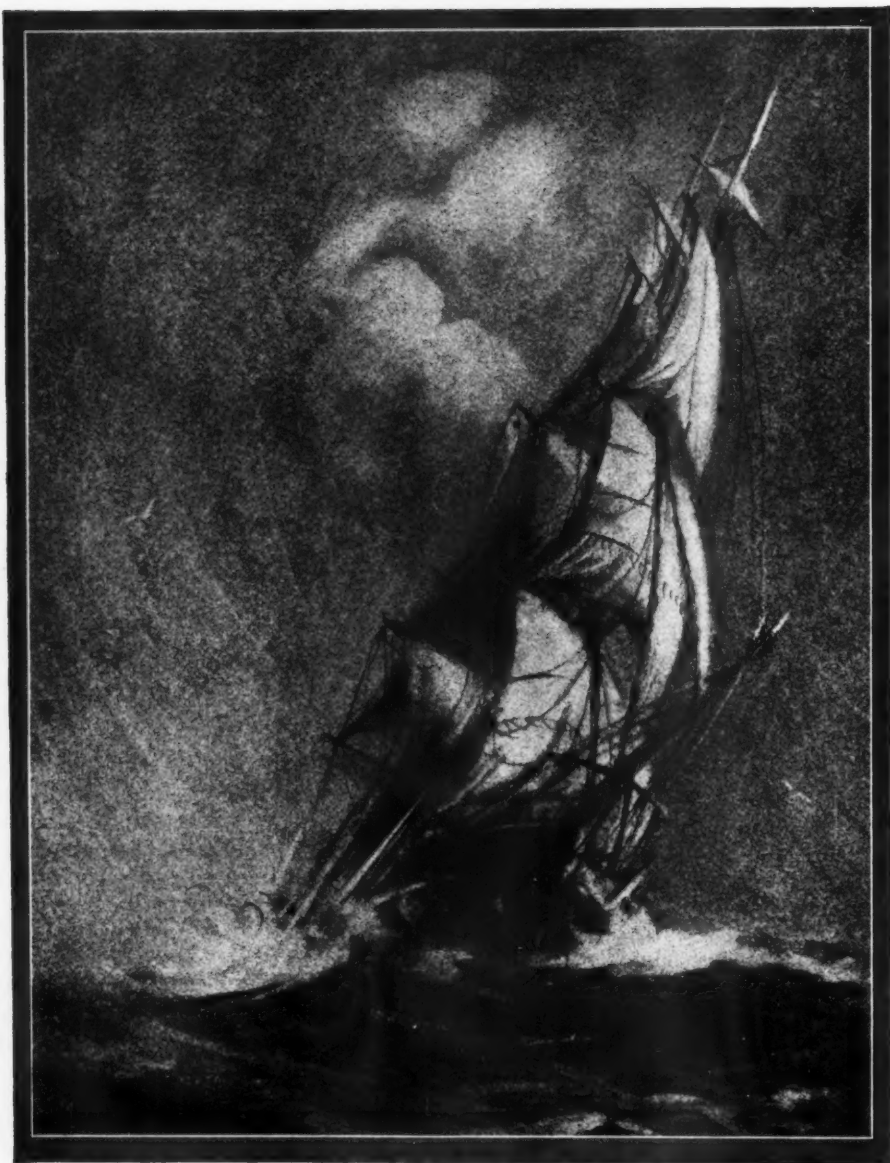
VOLUME XI

Member Audit Bureau of Circulations

NUMBER 9

Honorary President MRS. CALVIN COOLIDGE
 { MRS. T. J. PRESTON, JR.
 { (Formerly Mrs. Grover Cleveland)
 Honorary Vice-Presidents { MRS. WILLIAM H. TAFT
 { MRS. THEODORE ROOSEVELT
 { MRS. WOODROW WILSON
 Founder MRS. JULIETTE LOW
 Miss Sarah Louise Arnold President
 Mrs. Herbert Hoover First Vice-President

Mrs. Arthur O. Choate Second Vice-President
 Mrs. Julius Rosenwald Third Vice-President
 Mrs. William H. Hoffman Fourth Vice-President
 Mrs. Vance C. McCormick Fifth Vice-President
 Mrs. Charles C. Harrison, Jr. Sixth Vice-President
 Mrs. A. Clifford Shinkle Seventh Vice-President
 Mrs. Nicholas F. Brady Treasurer
 Mrs. Julius H. Barnes Corresponding Secretary
 Mrs. Jane Deeter Rippin Director
 Counsel, Mr. Douglas Campbell



A drawing by P. Shanahan, courtesy of Kennedy & Company

Sea Fever

By JOHN MASEFIELD

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face and a grey dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And a quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the lone trick's over.

From "Salt Water Poems and Ballads"
Published by The Macmillan Company

THE AMERICAN GIRL

The Magazine for All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts

Camille Davied, Editor

September, 1928

She wanted a grandmother, this college freshman, and she found an unexpected summer adventure



In the bedroom a woman was unpacking a trunk. "Are you the matron?" I asked. "I am Viola Meredith, a freshman. I think this is my room"

Wanted: a Grandparent

By ERNEST E. STANFORD

Illustrations by W. C. Nims

IT WAS a little dark in the corridor, and it seemed darker as I'd just come from the bright sunlight outside. I walked along slowly looking for two hundred and ten, which was the room I'd been assigned. It wasn't so easy to find, for some of the numbers were gone—Lindsay Hall is the oldest dorm on Pierson Campus, and looks it—but presently I found it, or thought I did. The door was slightly open, so I walked right in. No one was in the study, but in the bedroom beyond a woman was unpacking a trunk. She was an oldish person, in the latter forties, I should have said, though her hair wasn't a bit gray. Her face was nice, I thought; a serious face, with large gray eyes, a good-sized straight nose, and a rather solemn mouth—and yet you could sort of feel, if you

couldn't exactly see, a kind of hidden sparkle of humor all over it. But her clothes—oh, my dear! Neat enough, you know, and all that, but they

looked more like Paris, Vermont, than Paris, France, or even New York. No style, no line, no smartness.

"Are you the matron?" I asked. "I'm Viola Meredith. This room has been assigned to me. I wonder if those trunks—"

"They're my trunks." Even in my surprise, I thought what a wonderfully soft, pleasant voice she had. "I teach mathematics, and this is my room. I think perhaps you've mistaken the number. This is two hundred and nineteen."

"Oh!" said I, feeling like an idiot and backing hurriedly out. "I read it two hundred and ten. Please excuse me!"



I snatched up a couple of cobble stones. "Look out!" I warned him, much too scared to say more. But he didn't stop

"Oh, certainly! It isn't very plain. I can understand."

It certainly wasn't, now I looked more closely. The nine was one of those that are built on the general lines of an egg, and the cross-curl was missing. There was two hundred and ten a step up the corridor, and on the other side!

That door was open, too, but this time I knocked and stood outside. A plump girl, with a half-sleepy, half roguish eye and mingled yellow hair, appeared.

"Is this really two hundred and ten?" I asked. "I got into the wrong room—a teacher's room—down there, and I don't want to make any more breaks like that."

"Two hundred and ten it is, my child," she assured me in a drawling voice that rather got under my skin. "I'm Louise Bayard, and I live here. Are you the party of the second part?"

"I suppose I am," I said, and introduced myself and went in.

"You must have got into two hundred and nineteen," she remarked, after she'd shown me around.

"Yes," I said. "And that teacher has charge of this floor, hasn't she?"

The plump girl sighed. "I suppose so. She's the new math prof and she comes from some horrid little college down in the sticks—and doesn't she look it? It's bad enough to be a math teacher without being a perfect frump as well. She's got poor Ma Hutchinson's place. It's perfectly awful. It's just too terrible here without her."

"Who was Ma Hutchinson?" I asked, eagerly.

"The old math prof, of course. She'd been here since the corner-stone was laid, and now she's through on a pension. You know what math is—but Ma was a perfect old dear. Awfully near-sighted, and she used to lose her papers now and then—" Louise closed one eye slowly—"and then of course she had to mark 'em a hundred."

"I'm sorry she's gone, then!" I said. Math was never one of my strong points.

"And this horrid, dowdy, down-state place is a regular stronghold of mathematics. And this Latham person has been brought here to raise the standard of Pierson in it! I heard the Dean say so, herself. Well," ended Louise viciously, "if all the girls feel as I do, she'll be glad to go back where they appreciate that subject—and her style of dressing—before the year's half over."

"Are you an upper-classman?" I asked, thinking that anyone who knew so much about the place must be at least a sophomore.

She looked at me a little oddly. "No!" she answered rather sharply. "I'm not."

I found out, later in the day, why she'd been so short about it. Martha Royce, a junior whom I knew at home, told me. "Heavens!" she said commiseratingly, when I'd mentioned my roommate's name. "You've drawn the P. F.!"

"What's that?" I asked.

"Perpetual Freshman," she said, smiling broadly.

I stared, so she went on: "Grandniece of the Founder

—that explains why she's still here. She entered with my class, and flunked everything except mathematics. Poor dear Ma Hutchinson never flunked anyone. Then she was allowed to enter all over, math and all, last year. Along in the spring she got leave to withdraw 'on account of illness'—I guess it was the faculty who were ill—and now she's here again; and, of course, still a freshman. I can imagine she won't be very keen about the new math prof, who seems to have had something of a reputation where she came from."

And it proved, as time went on, that she wasn't very keen about her, or about mathematics. I wouldn't say, in fact, that she was really keen about any study, but she had a special grudge against math because she'd passed it once and the faculty had made her take it over as a disciplinary measure.

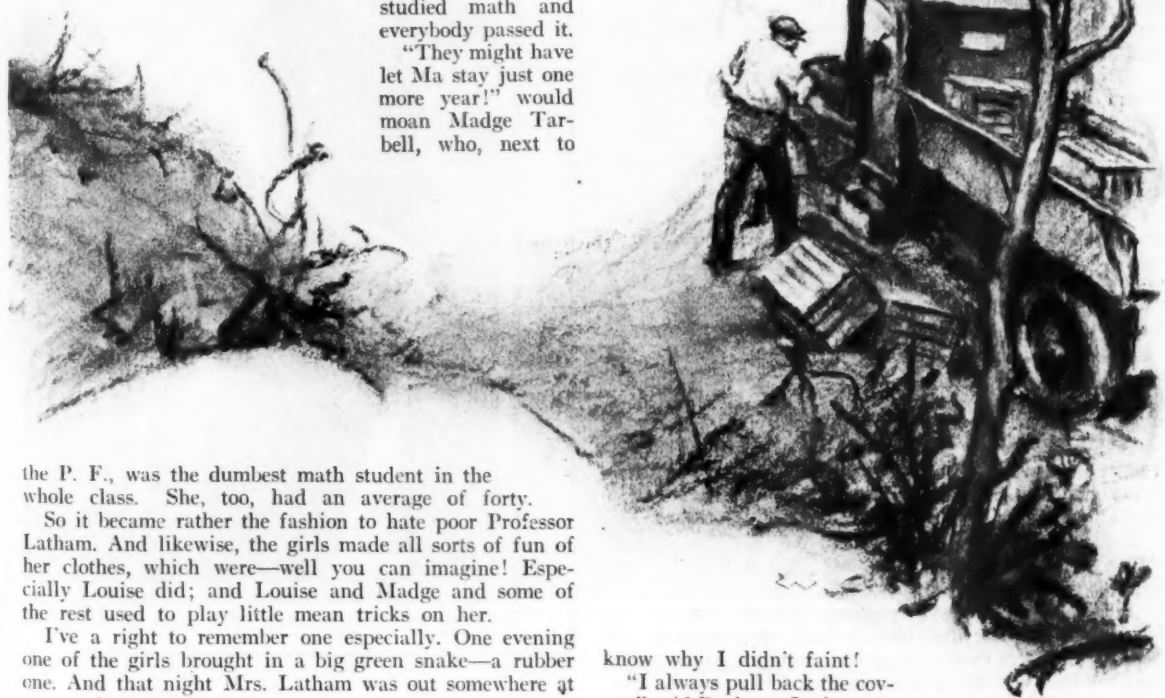
As for Professor Latham, everybody said that she was a lot harder than Ma Hutchinson ever had been. She certainly wasn't near-sighted, and she didn't lose any papers. Most of us—including me—managed to keep scraping along above the passing mark, but thirty-fives and forties were about Louise's high limits. Perhaps it was no great wonder, for she never would crack a book till the night before exams. Of course, Louise kept the incense burning before the memory of Ma Hutchinson, and the upper-classmen were constantly kidding us because *they'd* got through math under her dispensation, and altogether we lived in a constant second-hand memory of the dear dead

days when nobody studied math and everybody passed it.

"They might have let Ma stay just one more year!" would moan Madge Tarbell, who, next to

just the same about snakes. So when the girls had got to talking about something else, I slipped quietly out and into Eleanor's room and fished around under the bed-clothes in the dark until I found the thing.

And then the light flashed on! I whirled round, with that horrible object dangling from my hand, and there was Professor Latham right in the doorway. Honestly, I don't



the P. F., was the dumbest math student in the whole class. She, too, had an average of forty.

So it became rather the fashion to hate poor Professor Latham. And likewise, the girls made all sorts of fun of her clothes, which were—well you can imagine! Especially Louise did; and Louise and Madge and some of the rest used to play little mean tricks on her.

I've a right to remember one especially. One evening one of the girls brought in a big green snake—a rubber one. And that night Mrs. Latham was out somewhere at a committee meeting.

"I'm going to put that in Eleanor's bed," said the P. F. suddenly. Eleanor was Mrs. Latham's name, and most of the girls called her that—not to her face, of course.

"You don't dare!" said Madge, her eyes popping.

"Watch me!" came back Louise. And she slipped out and into Professor Latham's room.

Most of the girls thought it was a great lark, but somehow it just didn't seem so to me. I don't mind jokes—I'd helped play a few on Eleanor myself—but I have a perfect horror of snakes. I knew if I stuck my bare toes on to that horrid squinchy thing in the dark I'd have regular hysterics, and for all I knew Professor Latham might feel

know why I didn't faint!

"I always pull back the covers," said Professor Latham, in her gentle voice. "And I really don't mind such things as that at all."

I just stared, open mouthed, like an idiot. What else could I have done? There I was, caught with the goods. And besides, I knew—we all knew—that as a Pierson student the P. F. was about on her last legs, grandniece or no grandniece. And she was my roommate, and not a bad sort in many ways.

So I didn't say anything. I just ran—any brainless person could have done that—dodged past Professor Latham with that awful thing hanging from my hand. I had

(Continued on page 30)

The Fair Balloon

Louise wasn't a flyer—and an unexpected balloon ride would have been thrilling enough without the complication of having Bob there

"SHE MADE it! She made it!" shouted Ted Robinson, throwing a sofa cushion up in the air and catching it again.

"I knew she would," Louise, his sister, said calmly from her place near the radio. The news had just come to them of Amelia Earhart's successful trans-Atlantic flight.

"Oh, you—that's what everyone is going to say, now that she's there," said Bob Elwell, their cousin, and there was a patronizing tone in his voice that made the color leap to Louise's cheeks.

"Don't be horrid, Bob," she said as calmly as she could, "lots of people will be saying it. Amelia Earhart—or Lindbergh either—couldn't have made it if everyone in America hadn't such faith in them!"

There were times, and this was one of them, when Louise hated her cousin, Bob Elwell, even though he was the son of her mother's favorite brother. He had been visiting the Robinsons for a month and there had been many a battle between the quick-tempered Louise and Bob, for Louise had a temper that matched her flaming hair.

She sank back against the cushions determined not to quarrel, if she could help it, and Beth Landis, who had been sitting next to her, jumped to her feet and pressed her hand quickly and said, "Let's think of something to do to celebrate. We ought to think of something particularly grand!"

Beth was visiting the Robinsons, too, and the whole family adored her. When she was around there was always a good time, for she could create a party out of anything.

Louise smiled up at her with relief in her blue eyes. "Beth's right," she said, "let's not fight now, Bob. Let's rejoice. What shall we do, Beth?"

But Bob wouldn't stop arguing. "Louise and the rest of you are like everyone else," he said, "you all think you sent all the flyers over on your faith in them. Other people told me the same thing this morning. They were *concentrating* on her—" He made the word sound foolish and Louise's cheeks flamed again.

"I don't care! You can be nasty and sneer all you like. But I think it did help to have all of America's good will behind them! Everyone 'concentrating' on them. Wanting them to succeed. It must have made all the difference in the world." Louise's eyes were flashing and her red hair seemed a living flame.

"I'm going home if you two don't stop quarreling!" Beth threatened laughingly, although there was a note of sincerity in her pleasant voice.

"Well, Bob won't stop!" Louise cried impatiently.

"Have to have the last word, don't you?" Bob slid down



Louise was desperate. Bob must not go up in the balloon—not

on his spine in the deep chair, and smiled disagreeably.

Louise bit her lips to keep back her hot answer. There were times when she wished that she could pull Bob's hair and slap him. But you can't slap and bite and scratch when you are fifteen.

"Cut it out, Bob," Ted said in his quiet voice. When Ted spoke that way people did what he said. Even Bob realized that he'd gone far enough. He got up out of the most comfortable chair in the room and sauntered toward the door, his hands deep in his coat pockets, his heavy black brows meeting over his brown eyes.

"I guess I'll go downtown and find someone to talk to that appreciates this thing—someone who'll have better



if she had to climb in and pull him out herself. She ran up the steps. "Well, you wished I'd go up," he said

By
MABEL
CLELAND

Illustration
by
Russell
Patterson

tween the brother and sister on the wide couch. "Maybe we could go tomorrow."

"We could take the Bug and our lunch and go off for the day. We could go to Loon Lake, and if it wasn't warm enough for bathing we could go fishing," Ted said. And they spent the rest of the afternoon planning.

"I suppose we'll have to ask Bob," Ted said the next morning when he flung the old suitcase that held their bathing suits and the fishing things on the running board of the little old car they had christened the Bug.

"Oh, will we?" Louise said in such a mournful way that the others laughed. But Mrs. Robinson decided the question for them when she came out with the lunch kit neatly packed and gave it to Ted to stow away

sense than to think they sent an airplane to Europe on their concentrated thoughts. The idea is absolutely ridiculous!"

He had reached the door and paused a moment to wave his hand to them. It swung behind him with a loud bang and Louise leaped to her feet and shook her fist at it.

"Oh, I hate him!" she cried passionately. "I simply can't bear to have him here any longer. I wish he'd go home. I never disliked anyone so much in my life as I do him." Then she resolutely conquered her bad humor. "That's enough for him!" she went on, making a grimace at the closed door. "Come on, Beth, let's plan a party to celebrate the great event of this morning."

"How about a picnic?" Beth said, dropping down be-

with the rest of the things on the running board.

"Of course you're asking Bob," Mrs. Robinson said, looking around. "Where is he?"

"Oh, Mummie, do we have to?" Louise said tragically. "He'll just spoil everything!"

"He is your guest, my dear," Mrs. Robinson said gently, "and you can hardly go away for the day and not ask him to go, too." She spoke regretfully, for she knew how irritating her nephew was and was sorry to have him spoil the day for the others.

"You ask him, Ted," Louise said, turning to her brother, "I couldn't put the proper amount of welcome in my invitation. It's hard for me to be cordial to Bob."

So Ted went off to look for Bob and found him out in the barn teasing the mother of the new-born kittens. Ted spoke sharply. "Cut it out, Bob!" he said, taking the kitten away from the younger lad and putting it down in the hay with its brothers and sisters, while the old mother cat purred her thanks to him. "We're going off for the day and thought you might want to come along," he added as graciously as he could manage it.

"Where are you going and who's in the party?" Bob demanded. It was so like Bob to ask about the party before he accepted or refused. Seeing if it was worth while, Ted thought hotly.

"Sounds pretty good, especially if there's bathing," Bob went on. "And I couldn't get Jack Morris to go down to town with me today, so I might as well go along." He walked toward the house, whistling as he went.

Ted followed him. "Gosh darn your nerve, you might have thanked me anyway," he said to himself as he watched the slouching figure preceding him. But Ted had made up his mind not to let anything spoil the day for him and he held his temper in check.

Bob was walking around the Bug, looking at it from every angle when Ted caught up with him. It was the first time they had used the small car that year and Bob hadn't seen it before. "Some bus," he said rudely, and climbed into the driver's seat.

"That's Ted's place," Louise cried. "He always drives." "Not today," Bob replied with a disagreeable grin and started the motor.

"There's nothing to do but let him drive," Beth said to Louise in a low voice. "Come and sit in the back with me. I'll feel safer if Ted is in front with him and near the brakes. Somehow I don't think our friend is a very good driver. He hasn't any of the earmarks." Ted climbed in next to Bob after he had helped the girls in the back of the car, and they waved a short farewell to Mrs. Robinson who looked as though she wanted to cry because she knew she had spoiled their day by suggesting that they ask their cousin. But Louise managed a cheerful grin and called back softly, "Don't worry, Mums. It isn't going to be as bad as you think."

But it was bad, much worse than Mrs. Robinson had imagined. For Bob insisted upon driving the light little car at its topmost speed and it quivered and leaped and skidded in a terrible manner.

"I'm going to die of fright," Louise announced after the third time they had gone over a bump at such speed that she had been thrown off the seat and had been able to save herself from falling on the floor only by grasping the side of the car with both hands.

"I wish he wouldn't try and pass everything on the road," Beth said nervously. "Everyone knows that if the others were to step on their gas they could beat a Ford car all to pieces. Can't you make him stop?"

Louise leaned forward and touched Bob on the shoulder. "Won't you cut it down a bit?" she asked, trying to make her voice sound pleasant and light. "The road's awfully narrow and the last time you passed a car we almost went into a ditch. The Bug's getting old and her tires aren't so good and she might blow one out any minute. Besides we've got all day ahead of us. And it really is a pretty road. Won't you slow up a bit and drive more carefully?"

"Getting afraid, are you?" Bob answered without slow-

ing down. "If I had a decent car, I'd show you what speed really is. This thing can't possibly go faster than forty."

"It's too bad you don't own one!" Louise snapped angrily before she settled back in her seat beside Beth.

"I'm so ashamed," she said, her cheeks scarlet. "I never knew I could be so catty until Bob came to stay with us. I can think of the most horrible things to say to him."

"Leave him alone," Beth advised wisely. "He's the kind of a person who will do things twice as quickly when asked not to!"

"Oh, we'll all be coming home in ambulances if he keeps this up!" Louise cried, clutching the side of the car as it went over another bump. The Ford was light and it swayed perilously.

Like a blazoned banner Bob's voice came floating back to them. "I guess you never got this out of the old boat before, did you?"

"And I guess we never will again," Ted answered slowly.

Louise pressed Beth's hand in relief. "It will be all right soon," she said, "Ted will be getting the wheel in a few minutes now. I can hear it in his voice."

But she was mistaken. At least about Ted taking the wheel, for with a grinding of brakes Bob brought the small, panting car to a standstill before the entrance to a Fair Ground. "Look what's here," he said over his shoulder to the girls. "Let's go in."

"Anywhere to get out of the car," Louise groaned under her breath, as she scrambled over the old suitcase on the running board. Beth and Ted climbed out, too, and Ted laid his hand on Bob's arm.

"You've got to cut out the fancy driving if you want to run this car," he said quietly. "We passed that last car much too fast and our tires aren't good and our car's too light." Bob brought his black brows together in a nasty frown and put his hands in his pockets, drawing himself to his full height as he did when he was being nasty. "Who voted you to be my nurse?" he said nastily.

Ted looked at him coolly. "I'm telling you and I don't want it to happen again. I'm responsible for this party. You can stay with us or go on alone. But if you stay with us you do what I say," and he went to the ticket window and bought yards and yards of tickets for the shows that were going on behind the high canvas walls that surrounded the Fair Ground. He handed Bob a string of tickets, too, and the younger boy took them without even thanking him.

The girls wanted to have their fortunes told and hunted up a gypsy tent, while the boys waited for them outside. The old gypsy woman told Beth a very satisfactory fortune, but she shook her head over Louise's pink palm

and said there was a cloud over it and she couldn't see any future for her.

"That's a cheering thought," Louise said, but she soon forgot all about it when she went to ride on the merry-go-round and won the gold ring three times in succession.

When they finally pulled themselves away from the merry-go-round, they joined the crowd which had gathered around a fat man in a striped sweater and dirty linen trousers.

"Step up ladies and gentlemen," he was saying, "book your passage now. This way to the clouds—get a thrill of a lifetime. Ride in a balloon with the foremost balloon-

(Continued on page 41)

The Mystery of

a great jewel that flashed on the hand of an old lady, of an unknown young man who came at dusk! What is the solution? Find it with Serena and Jeanne in our thrilling new serial next month—

Chestnut Court



"I Am a Girl Who—

lives in a world different from that of other people—should I pretend to be like them, or should I continue to live in my own little world?"

EVERYBODY has felt, I suppose, at one time or another, like that fish out of water, or the famous bull in a china shop, or something quite as out of place. Remember that deadly dull party? Or the time you got in a fast bunch at school—or in a bunch of high-brows? Or were dragged into some old ladies' convention? That's me!

Everybody has wailed, "Nobody understands me!" Well, I don't mind not being understood. I know one can't be, because no two people were ever alike. But I do hate to feel, during any large part of the time, that my companions are strangers—that I can only shout to them across an immense distance, that they can never know who I am or what I mean. Being "different" is such lonely work—I often wonder whether it's worth while!

Certainly that problem of "getting along" with people has troubled me more than anything else in my life. I know every person on earth is unlike every other; but they all seem so unlike *me*!

I often think I don't belong here at all. But here I am, and I have to figure out some way to live with the rest—the way that will be most advantageous to all parties concerned; but it seems that, whichever way I take, I encounter obstacles or pitfalls.

Here am I, who live all the time in my mind and imagination a beautiful, marvellous life all my own. I should like to share my strange thoughts; but when I try to tell

Illustration by Gertrude Kober

others, they don't know what I'm talking about. Half the time, they think I'm just vamping, and pay no attention. At other times, although they listen, they look blank. "I don't quite get that," they say; and later, "I never *could* figure her out!" I find companionship often in books and poetry; but when I try to express myself, I usually succeed only in feeling supremely foolish.

When I come across in my reading some new thought, or some radical social theory, there seems to be no one who will discuss it with me both seriously and from the same point of view. I am having to learn to discuss matters with myself! Or, when I point out a sharp, exquisite veining of slick, wet, black branches against the sky, my companion will agree politely that it is "lovely"; but I can tell that it doesn't give her the same feeling of shuddery, sinister pleasure that it does me.

Nearly everyone laughs at my hatred of money, of people who *utilize* their friends, of theatrical oratory, of clutter swept under beds, of all things mismanaged, half-baked, and ill-selected. They seem never to see that my essential reasons are artistic ones! I am forever dashing against blind walls.

They and I live in entirely different worlds. I think I see how *their* minds work. Almost always it is all too plain. But the things they commonly rave over do not appeal to me. Most of the girls I know are mainly interested

(Continued on page 47)



A New Kind of Supper

SUNDAY night supper! It's a meal that can be deadly—made of leftovers from dinner, served in a haphazard fashion—or it can be made the most delightful meal of the whole week. It all depends on your imagination.

Particularly when you have the crowd in and make a special party of supper on Sunday nights, you want to think up something delicious and unusual. But you don't want to make the menu elaborate, so that you have to spend hours in the kitchen preparing it.

For a family meal or for a gala occasion, one of the nicest things to serve on Sunday night is a club sandwich. You know how popular they are in restaurants and tea-rooms—toast and luscious slices of tomato, and chicken and lettuce and bacon and mayonnaise. Well, they will be just as popular at your own table. I know, for once I gave a club sandwich supper, and my guests still remind me of how delicious it tasted and what a delightful time they had. Probably the secret of their good time was that each one had something to do, for the people at that supper made their own sandwiches at the table. Besides saving the hostess, this gives the meal an informal air, and allows for individual tastes and preferences. If John doesn't like mayonnaise, he makes his sandwich without it; or if Barbara prefers tomato without lettuce, she may ignore greens, and have a double portion of tomato.

The menu for the supper I had consisted of the club sandwiches, peach Bavarian cream, cup cakes frosted with orange icing, and hot cocoa. Very simple, you see, and leaving little to be done on the night of the supper. For the cakes and Bavarian cream are all ready beforehand, the chicken is cooked, the mayonnaise made—if you use home-made mayonnaise—and the ingredients for the cocoa are set out conveniently in the kitchen. You may use one of the frozen desserts that I told you about in June and July, instead of the gelatin dessert, if you wish. Or, if you happen to be an expert at concocting a rich, creamy, chocolate frosting, put that on your cakes, instead of the orange icing. Perhaps you will wish to have both flavors.

When you plan to give a club sandwich supper, whether to Barbara and Jerry and Jane and Dick and Tom, or to your own family, with mother as a guest without a responsibility in the world, the first thing to do is to see that everything needed for its preparation is in the house. The club sandwiches will require lettuce, tomatoes, chicken, mayonnaise, Spanish onion dipped in French dressing, green pickles, olives, pepper and salt and three slices of toast for each person. If you think your guests will be very hungry, plan to have six slices of toast apiece, so that each one may have two sandwiches. Write these items on a slip of paper and read over the following recipes to check the things you must order. Then begin your cooking by making the peach Bavarian cream, since the gelatin must be given plenty of time to stiffen, especially in summer. Nothing is so unappetizing and unattractive as a watery gelatin.

Peach Bavarian Cream

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1 tablespoon gelatin | 2 egg yolks |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water | juice and grated rind of one |
| $\frac{3}{4}$ cup hot fruit juice | lemon |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar | 1 cup sweetened peach pulp |
| | 1 cup whipped cream |

Soak the gelatin in the cold water. Add to the hot fruit juice in the top of a double boiler over hot water and stir until it is thoroughly mixed. Add the sugar, then the egg yolks and beat or stir until the custard is thick enough to coat a spoon, no longer, or it will curdle. Add the grated rind and juice of the lemon. Chill. When it begins to jelly, beat to a froth with an egg beater. Fold in the peach pulp and then the whipped cream. Pile into individual glass dessert dishes. Put into the refrigerator. This may be garnished with chopped maraschino cherries folded into a little extra whipped cream. Half pecans may be used instead of the maraschino cherries. Or some walnuts may be chopped and mixed with the cream just before serving.

By WINIFRED MOSES

Illustration by
Cornelia Brownlee



Pass the toast
and bacon first,
then the salad
dressing, then
the lettuce-to-
mato-onion plat-
ter, and then the
plate of chicken

for Sunday Night

Your second step is to bake your cup cakes and cool them. Here is a simple and delicious recipe that you will like.

Hot Water Sponge Cakes

1 cup flour	1 cup sugar
1½ teaspoons baking powder	6 tablespoons hot water
1¼ teaspoons salt	½ tablespoon lemon juice
2 egg yolks	2 egg whites

Sift some flour, measure out one cup, add the dry ingredients and sift them together. Beat the egg yolks, add one-half of the sugar and beat again. Add the hot water, the remainder of the sugar and the lemon juice, mixing thoroughly. Fold in the flour and the stiffly beaten egg whites. Fill well-greased muffin tins two-thirds full and bake at 380 degrees Fahrenheit, that is, in a medium hot oven, until the cakes shrink away from the sides of the pan. Turn out of the pan onto a clean towel.

As soon as the cakes are cool, they may be frosted with orange icing, which is uncooked and very easy to make.

Orange Icing

juice of ½ orange	grated rind of ¼ orange
	confectioners' sugar

Mix the sugar with the orange juice and rind until icing is firm enough to be spread. Put on the cakes, using a knife blade dipped in hot water to smooth the surface.

If you are going to use canned chicken for your sandwiches, and the mayonnaise that comes in jars—and both are excellent, by the way—you have nothing more to do until an hour before supper. But if you want to prepare your own chicken and mayonnaise, here are recipes:

Chicken

Singe the fowl and wipe clean. Put a little fat in an iron frying pan and sear the fowl on all sides until it turns a golden brown. Put the browned fowl in a kettle with a little water and some bayleaves, peppercorns and parsley,

and simmer until tender. Remove from the oven and set away to chill.

Mayonnaise

1 teaspoon powdered sugar	dash of cayenne
1 egg yolk	
1 teaspoon salt	2 tablespoons vinegar
1 teaspoon mustard	1 cup salad oil

Collect the following utensils: (1) a straight-sided small porcelain bowl (2) a double egg beater of the Dover type (3) a tablespoon (4) a case knife (5) a cup (6) a bowl for egg whites (7) a glass jar.

Measure the dry ingredients into the bowl and mix well. Add the egg yolk and beat until thoroughly mixed—about twenty strokes of the egg beater. Add one tablespoon of the oil at a time until one quarter of a cup is used, beating until thoroughly mixed before the next addition, about twenty strokes each time. Add one quarter of a cup at a time until all the oil is used—beating about forty times after each addition. Put in the glass jar and keep in a cool place. An hour or more before it is time for the party, make the cocoa.

Cocoa

1 quart milk	¼ cup sugar
4 tablespoons cocoa	¾ cup water

Put the milk on to scald in the top of a double boiler. Mix the sugar, cocoa and water to a paste and cook until thick. Stir in the hot milk and just as it comes to the boil, beat with an egg beater until a foam covers the top. Cover and keep hot over hot water. This makes about a quart. You may use part water instead of all milk, if you choose.

Now you are ready to set the table. Use either runners, doilies or a tablecloth and have a bowl of autumn leaves or goldenrod or some dahlias in the center. Use candlesticks, if you have them—two or four—and have supper by candlelight.

At each place put a place plate, a bread and butter plate, a glass, a sharp knife and two teaspoons at the right of the place plate, a fork at the left of the plate and a bread and butter knife on the bread and butter plate. At the

(Continued on page 30)

Commencement *for* Midge

BEFORE I give my pen to my soph for keeps I would like to tell you about our last Commencement. It's hardly a story. It is just a lot of happenings and feelings and excitements that Midge and Glo and I like to remember.

Commencement at Oakdale Seminary really begins when the incoming senior class hides the Senior Crook and the grand climax of Commencement is on class day when Dr. Adair, our school president, says, "Who has the Crook?" and the victorious class shouts, "We have!"

The Crook is the senior insignia. It represents Senior Superiority. Actually the Crook, the one we hide, is a shepherd's crook about twelve feet long (or maybe less) and about three inches in diameter. Every year before school starts the seniors hide the Crook somewhere about the school or the campus. They can put it anywhere but they must leave a part showing so as to give the juniors a fair chance. It is up to the juniors to find the Crook and if they find it they hide it, still with a part showing so as to give the seniors a chance to get it back again.

If the seniors are in possession on class day then they leave the seminary with their heads unbowed, but if the juniors are in possession then the grand ole seniors have to bite the dust. Biting the dust never did appeal to Midge and Glo and me—particularly Midge.

"We simply are going to have that Crook in our possession on class day when we are seniors," Midge announced ever so often and when she said it she looked more determined than the old Rock of Gibraltar.

All the time from our freshman year right on we looked for good hiding places. Just about every spot on the campus had been used previously and consequently was carefully watched by the enemy. When a spot is watched it's no good.

We felt we were up against a hard proposition until one day late in our junior year Midge's sharp eyes rested on the new clock tower that was being built and she had a grand idea—ping!—as usual.

During the summer between our junior and senior year Midge came back to Oakdale and chatted with the head carpenter in a way most confidential. She showed him how the Crook could be built into the filigree do-dads at

*Midge hid the crook, but too well, as
—a riotous two-part story of Midge's*

By MARY

Illustrations by

the top of the tower. With a little care it could be made to look like part of the decorations and yet the end could be left loose so that we could slip it out when the time came to move it. Midge climbed up on the scaffolding and fixed the Crook to suit herself. When she got through, the whole crooked end was sticking out at one corner of the tower. The carpenter built all the other corners to look just like it. It was an ideal place with multitudinous advantages.

There was one little disadvantage, though, which we discovered after we returned to the sem in the fall. The juniors could not reach the Crook—and neither could we. The tower was completed, all the scaffolding was down and there stood the Crook in splendid isolation far removed from the touch of human hands.

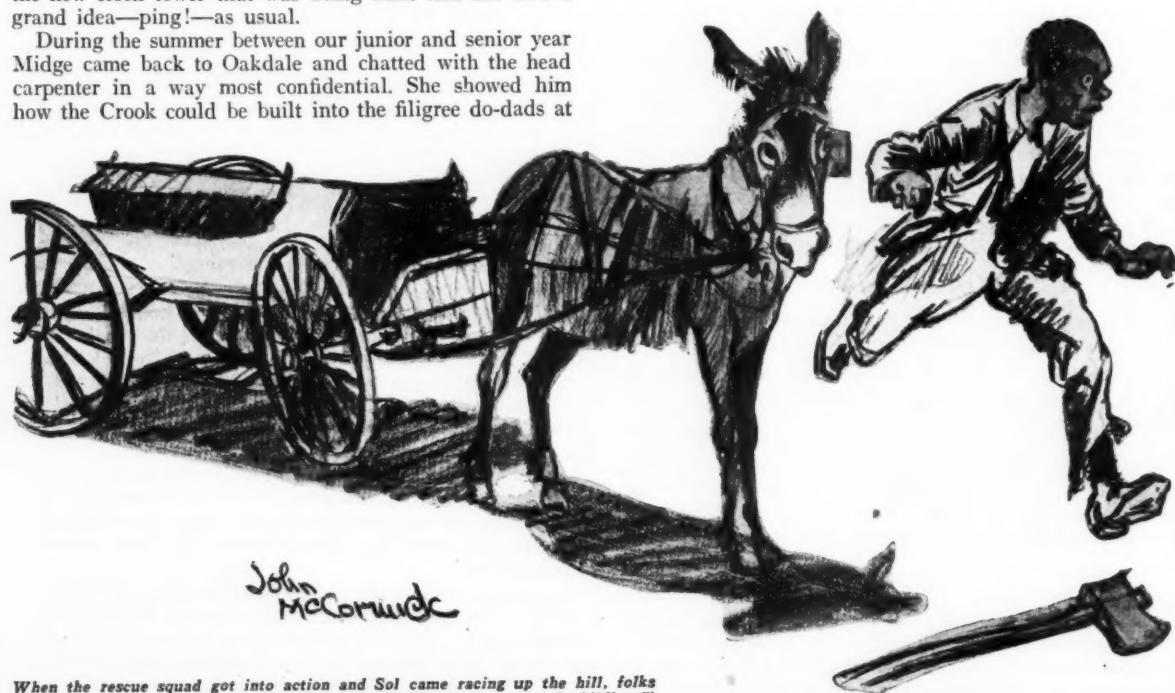
Midge looked at it and grinned sheepishly. "It seems I've been too thorough," she said.

Glo started singing,

You are a nut—
You are a nut—
You are a nut-brown Indian girl.

"It didn't occur to me that they would take the scaffolding down," explained Midge.

Midge eyed the tower from every angle. We couldn't reach the Crook from the roof—it was just exactly too far down and we couldn't reach it from the last window



When the rescue squad got into action and Sol came racing up the hill, folks would say, "Aw, that's just Midge making a noise like her second childhood"

and Glo and Me

*she herself soon admitted mournfully
last adventures at boarding school*

FRANCES SHUFORD

John McCormick

because it was just exactly too far up. The only possible way to get it was to rebuild the scaffolding or to shin up the wall like the human spider. Rebuilding the scaffolding was out of the question because scaffolding can't be built without everybody in the world knowing it and the Crook must always be moved mysteriously when nobody is looking.

Shinning up the wall was out of the question, too. We have a rule at the sem that says, "Thou shalt not risk your life unnecessarily in daring acrobatic stunts."

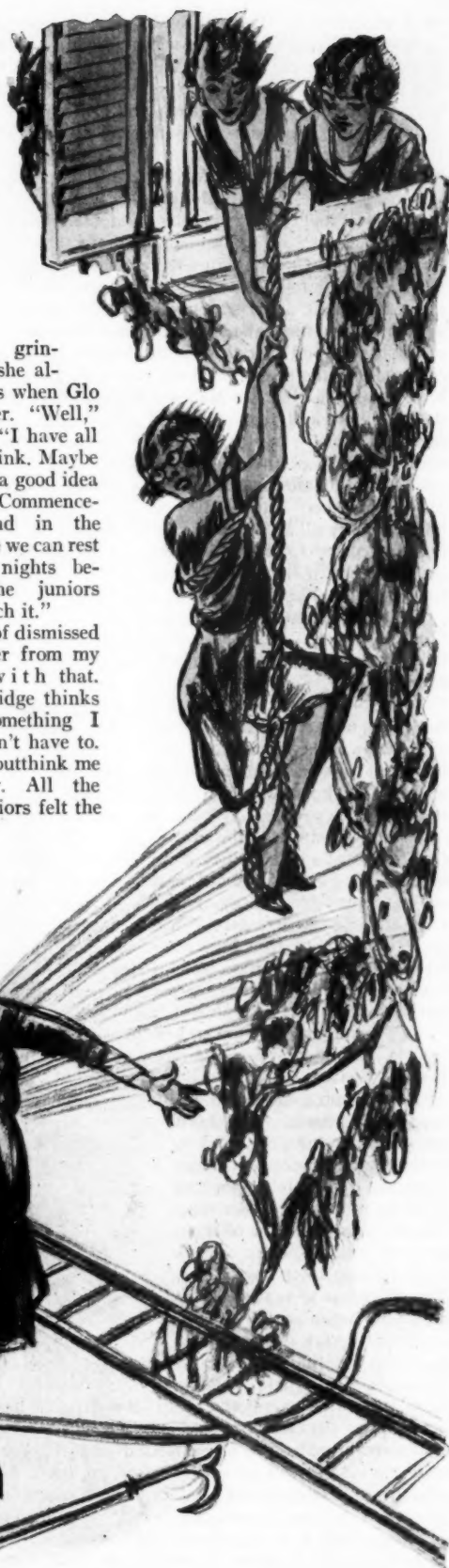
"I'm sure I could shin up that wall on a dark night successfully," said Midge, "but if I did, all the freshies and sophs in kingdom come would try to do it, too, and somebody's neck would get broken and then I'd have to feel responsible all my life. Guess I'd better live within the law."

Midge is president of the Student Council and she is getting the habit of thinking twice before she does something. It's a good habit, of course, but this time it put the Crook entirely out of reach.

"Gosh, what a flop!" groaned Glo. "Can't you see us at Commencement? Ole Ajax will say, 'Who has the Crook?' and we'll have to say, 'Nobody has! It's in the Tower.'"

Midge grinned like she always does when Glo teases her. "Well," she said, "I have all year to think. Maybe I'll have a good idea before Commencement and in the meantime we can rest easy at nights because the juniors can't touch it."

I sort of dismissed the matter from my mind with that. When Midge thinks about something I feel I don't have to. She can outthink me any day. All the other seniors felt the



same way about it. "Leave it to Midge!" became our slogan.

Along in the winter there was a general stir and restlessness among the juniors. We sort of sensed that they had spied the Crook away up in the tower. We knew they were simply gnashing their teeth and grinding their brains thin trying to figure out a way to get it down. "They have nothing on me," said Midge.

"How are you going to get it down on class day?" asked Glo for the one-thousandth time.

Midge shrugged her shoulders and that meant that she had thought of a good plan—or it meant that she had not thought of a good plan—there was no way to tell which. To all outward appearances she wasn't thinking about the Crook at all which was exactly the right way to appear. Everything about the Crook is a secret. To speak about it out loud in public is the biggest break a student can make at the sem. Whenever you even glance at it you have to pretend you are glancing at something else. When the juniors and seniors hunt for the Crook they try every maneuver to fool the other class and get them off the track. The juniors watched Midge all year long, set spies all around and fairly hounded her footsteps, but they never once saw her giving that Crook a thought.

All year she worked at everything else in school. She studied even harder than Louise Watkins whose name is a synonym for Earnest Student. Midge had her heart set on being valedictorian of the class. She even admitted that her chest was ready and waiting to have the honor medal pinned upon it.

She was president of the student council and she had to work overtime at being a good example and she was president of the senior class and she was secretary of this and chairman of that and ring-leader of the other thing until she really didn't have a minute of time left for Crook thoughts.

And besides all that she let herself be elected chief of the fire brigade. Glo and I felt provoked with her about that and so did the other seniors. We claim there is no need for a girl to work herself to death just because she can. Chief of the fire brigade is a petty office that nobody wants. It's one of these all-work-and-no-honor jobs with nothing to it but bother. The chief has to supervise fire drill and organize fire squads and ring the fire drill bell and do things like that. It's a grand nuisance. The chief wastes a lot of time and thought and effort on a fire that never happens. When election for fire chief comes around everybody works hard trying not to be elected and the one who is made "it" is the one who has worked the least. No one in school could understand how anyone as smart as Midge let such a job be thrust upon her.

Midge looked as downcast and forlorn as she could when Glo scolded about it. "Well," she said, "it's a mis-

fortune, of course, but since I am it I think I'll try to make something good out of the fire department."

She said she was going to organize special rescue squads and she asked everybody in school to join. She asked the seniors first and they all refused because nobody in the senior class had time for foolishness. Then she asked the juniors to join. They just laughed at her. They said they were even busier than the seniors. Then Midge asked the freshies since she thought rescue work would appeal to the young. The freshies, though, followed the juniors' lead and turned up their little noses at the proposition.

Finally Midge appealed to our sisters and sophs. She talked to Janet Duffie and Millie Kincaid and Big Mary Downs and Laura Evans and Spin Jamison and by some hoodoo known best to herself she got them to consent to join the rescue squad.

The whole school poked a lot of fun at them. The juniors wanted to know who was going to be rescued and

where was the fire and asked Midge if she was burning with ambition to be the world's greatest fire chief, and a lot of things like that.

Midge let them laugh and even made them laugh more by appointing Mose and his wagon and mule,

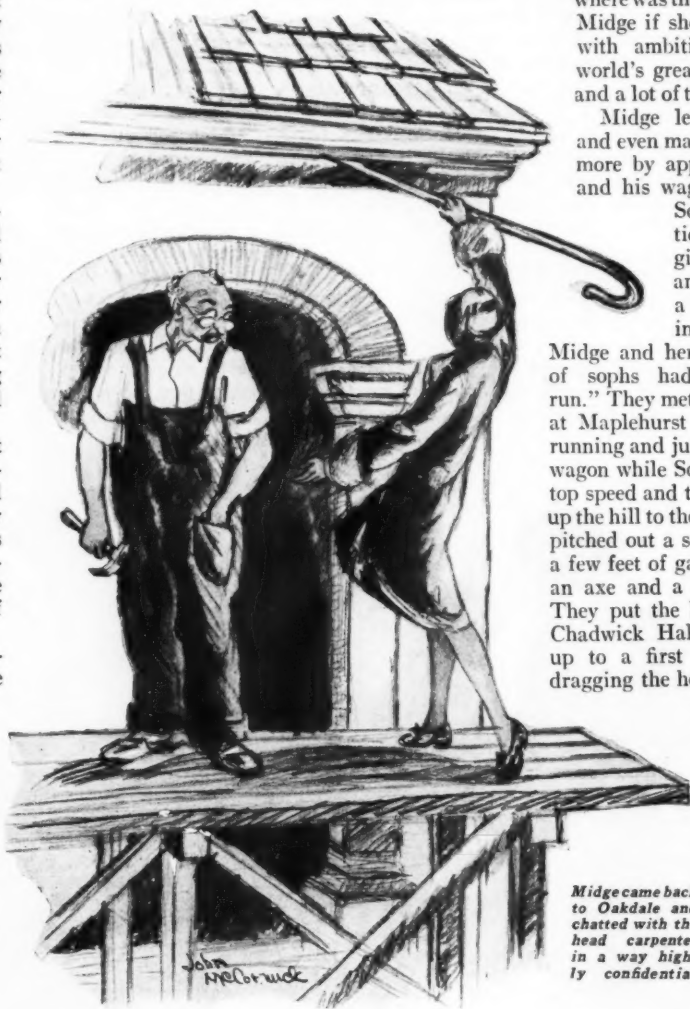
Sol, to the position of fire engine and hook and ladder. Once a week all during the spring

Midge and her rescue squad of sophs had a "practice run." They met Mose and Sol at Maplehurst and practiced running and jumping into the wagon while Sol was going at top speed and then they raced up the hill to the seminary and pitched out a step ladder and a few feet of garden hose and an axe and a piece of rope. They put the ladder against Chadwick Hall and scooted up to a first floor window dragging the hose after them.

Then they attached the hose to a faucet in the bathroom and squirted a little water out the window onto the rose bed. After that they practiced letting each other

out the window and down to the ground with the rope. They got so they could do that as slick as slick. The girl being rescued put her foot in a loop at the end of the rope and tied another piece under her arms so that she and the rope could never part company. Then the rescuers let her down easy, just like lowering a bucket into the well. The whole procedure looked too ridiculous for words and

(Continued on page 38)



Midge came back to Oakdale and chatted with the head carpenter in a way highly confidential



A basket with a cover, for sewing; a larger one for fruit or knitting, or a pine needle waste basket—all three make attractive gifts

Pine Needle Baskets

You may take home with you the sweet and aromatic odor of the pine woods if you make these lovely baskets while you are at camp

By FAY WELCH

YOU have seen pine needle baskets, of course, and trays and flower holders, too. But have you thought of making them yourself at camp as part of your handicraft work? You will probably find plenty of needles right near you, for, next to the sedges and grasses, the leaf or needle of the pine is one of the most universal of handicraft materials. The baskets in the photographs on this page are made either from the northern white pine or the southern long leaf pine. But some one or another of the thirty-four species of pine native to the United States can be found in nearly every state.

If the collecting of pine needles is done wisely, it need not result in injury to the trees. The leaves some distance back from the tips of the branches are several years old and have nearly finished their period of usefulness, so the tree can well afford to spare them. Also, the branches that are about to be overshadowed by higher branches or other trees will die shortly, and these can be removed without injury to the tree if they are cut close to the trunk. Be sure and make a smooth cut. It is sometimes possible to pick needles from the ground for your baskets, but this process is rather slow. If you do this, start gathering your needles early.

At Tanager Lodge, where we made the trays and baskets shown on this page, those who used the needles of the white pine, worked with them while they were green. After they were finished the baskets turned an attractive gray-green color. Others, who were using long leaf pine, preferred to cure their needles first, which means that they dried them out. Needles that are cured indoors are of a soft green shade while those that are cured naturally in the sun are a rich golden brown. Practically any hue from green to brown can be secured by the proper regulation of curing. When the pine branches are cured sufficiently, the needles are pulled off and dipped in boiling water in order to kill any insect eggs. They are then allowed

to dry naturally and are afterwards rubbed vigorously with a coarse cloth to clean and polish them.

When you have your needles, some raffia or thread of an unobtrusive color, and a needle, you are ready to start your basket. It is best to use raffia when working with the larger pine needles, and thread for the smaller ones, since the raffia often is not fine enough for these.



Begin your basket by coiling as shown here

Begin by taking three or four bundles of needles—it is characteristic of the pine that its needles grow in bundles—and, carefully starting a spiral loop, sew it together firmly. You will see how this is done by looking at the diagram shown above. Continue coiling the needles around this center, wrapping the thread over the coil which is being added and stitched through the preceding coil. Stitches are usually from one-eighth to one-quarter of an inch apart. New bundles of needles are spliced in when necessary.

When the base of the basket has been built out to the desired size the coil can be rolled over the edge and the sides of the basket fashioned. If a shallow tray is desired, the change will not be as abrupt. If green needles are used, the stitches should be pulled fairly tight, as the needles shrink upon drying. An attractive effect with the large needles is

secured by allowing the sheathed part of needle bundles to protrude. Cones from the short-leaf pine trees, or large scales from the cones are often used as ornaments on the pine needle baskets.

The dolls illustrated at the bottom of the page will delight your small brothers and sisters. Hung by a thread of tinsel, they make amusing ornaments for the Christmas tree. Or perhaps you might like to use them as favors at a camp reunion party.

Much of the fun of making the baskets will be lost if you do not collect your own materials, but if there are no pines in your section you can order needles from Lewis Stoughton Drake, 38 Everell Street, Allston District, Boston, Massachusetts.



These two quaint little ladies with their acorn caps will surely delight your little sister and her small friends

The dryad's name is Ellen—that much they learn at Lark's Nest—and Roseanna's sailor holds the key to many of the mysteries that begin at last to unwind in this fascinating serial



By ETHEL COOK ELIOT

WHEN THEY gave up looking for the vanished girl and were ready to sit down and talk it over, Jinney's explanation of the disappearance did not seem utterly unreasonable: "She has escaped back to the woods and into fairyland. She found the way back suddenly, and perhaps had to take it on the instant or not at all, so she couldn't wait to say goodbye to us."

Nobody laughed. All natural explanations had failed. It seemed quite impossible, humanly speaking, for the dryad to have vanished so completely in so short a time. So, while the sailor and Roseanna and Simon knew perfectly well that Jinney was only half in earnest and that she did not expect them to take her quite seriously, still having nothing better to offer themselves they let it rest there. And since Pat had neither seen her nor heard of her until that minute, any explanation was acceptable to him.

By nine o'clock they were going ahead with the day's occupations and interests as though they had given up hope of getting the dryad back or ever solving the mystery surrounding her appearance and disappearance. Roseanna washed dishes and the sailor dried them. Pat swept out the downstairs rooms and the piazza. Jinney did the upstairs, while Simon was busier than all of them put together pacing back and forth in the lane. Jinney stood in the window of Roseanna's room when she had finished the bed there and watched him for a little.

"It's awfully hard on old Simon," she thought. "Why, he never paid so much attention to any girl in all his life as he paid to the dryad in just the little time she'd been

The Dryad and the

here. It was love at first sight, anybody could see."

Soon Jinney went downstairs, meaning to join Simon in his useless tramping and comfort him by an understanding silence if she could. But when she reached the door Simon had vanished from the lane, and a blue roadster was bumping up it. Of course it brought Laura Fremont and her satellite, George King. "Since she thinks this is such a cemetery here, why does she pester us so?" Jinney fumed to herself. Laura, getting out of the car followed by her faithful George, looked extremely smart and "shore cottage," Jinney could not help realizing, decked out in a yellow silk jersey, jaunty yellow tam and a white flannel skirt.

"Hello, Jinney. You still here?" was Laura's greeting. "They've turned you into doorkeeper or something, haven't they? Where's Roseanna? We're getting up a big picnic at Persis Bluff and want her and Simon to come along. We've got somebody for your guest, too, a new arrival, a Harvard boy."

There was nothing for Jinney to do but let Laura and George follow her out to the kitchen in search of Roseanna. Lucky Simon, to have seen the blue roadster in time to get so neatly away! He would be lying by now, Jinney knew, in a certain little thicket of larches between the house and the road, his face up to the blue sky with its drifting



*For what has happened
so far in this story, see
page thirty-seven*

*Pat had just emerged
from the trees and
was coming a little
wearily toward them.
"If old Simon were
here," Jinney told her-
self, "he'd be wanting
to search poor Pat's
pockets again." But
Pat came on calmly,
although he did look
a little surprised to
see Jinney and the
sailor waiting for him
there on the top of
the high stone wall*

Hired Boy

*Illustrations
by C. J. McCarthy*

white June clouds, or else turned over leaning on his elbows reading out of one of the little books he always carried around in his pockets, poetry or philosophy.

The kitchen was pungent with the smell of baking cake, but empty of Roseanna and the sailor. They found them in the back yard hanging out the dish towels. Roseanna was hanging them, that is, and the sailor handing her the pins.

Roseanna took the last pin from the sailor, stuck it onto the line and turned around. "Hello, Laura!" she exclaimed, and "Hello, George. Sorry I was out last night when you came." Roseanna was always kind and cordial; she was made that way. Laura then invited her and Simon and their guest to join the picnic she had mentioned to Jinney. "Perfect day for it. And we've a man for your guest—Harvard—visiting my aunt."

"But our guest has gone, quite suddenly, an hour or so ago. And now Mr. Kirk is staying for lunch with us. So ask us some other time, Laura." Roseanna introduced the sailor then, who was standing close at her shoulder with the clothespin basket on his arm.

Laura ran down the steps to shake hands with him. "You aren't *the* Mr. James Kirk, are you?" she cried. "Oh, no, you can't be. You're much too young for an author of so many books!" And when she was assured by

Roseanna that he was the author of all those books Laura had seen lying around in Lark's Nest for several seasons now, Laura gurgled, "Well, of all things! I never knew you were acquainted with him, Roseanna. If you'd told me that, I'd have borrowed his books from you. I love knowing authors. Are you staying at Lark's Nest, Mr. Kirk?"

"No, I'm at the inn," he told her. "But I'm spending the day here, I think." Hurrah! In the background Jinney applauded. So he didn't mean to make way for the picnic at Persis Bluff.

"Let's go in out of the sun," Roseanna suggested. "I'll make some lime juice and there are a few brownies in the cake box."

"Oh, Roseanna! What a person you are for always feeding people!" Laura protested, suddenly looking ethereal.

The sailor spoke to Jinney in a tone too low for the others to hear the words, but with emphasis. "Hospitality is mighty becoming to a woman!" It sounded old-fashioned and rather stilted, but Jinney loved it.

They had drunk their lime juice in the cool, shady parlor, chatting about everything and nothing, when Laura asked, "Who was the young man we saw dusting the mirror in the hall when we arrived? In spite of his obvious youth, he was rather intriguing."

Jinney answered, come alive, for once, in Laura's presence. "Oh, that's Pat, our new hired boy. But the garden is very small really, and so he helps in the house, as well."

"You do spring the funniest, you Fields," Laura

laughed. "So you've added a hired boy to your ménage. And what about that pretty girl, your guest? Why ever did she go so soon? I'd like to have met her."

"You might better ask why did she go so suddenly," Roseanna replied, her face troubled. "She vanished, all in an instant, this morning."

"But there's no train," Laura protested. "Only the afternoon one. I suppose she had a car."

"We didn't see a car."

"What do you mean? Oh, you're only joking. She hasn't actually gone. She's just off with Simon somewhere; I see."

"No, I'm afraid she's really gone. I wonder whether any of us will ever see her again."

Laura got up, prepared to go forward with her picnic activities. "Oh, I'm wise," she exclaimed with a slight accent of irritation in her voice. "There's some joke in the air. Well, as usual, we're not in on it, George. Let's go along to Tanglewood. We're asking the Douglasses for the picnic, those new people. Too bad you won't come."

The Fields and the sailor accompanied the callers to the front door. But there Jinney was the first to catch her breath and then she cried out in a delighted surprise, "Oh, look!" Everyone did look. There was the dryad back in her chair under the apple tree, her hands folded quietly in her lap, her dark head drooped a little thoughtfully.

"I thought you said she'd gone," Laura remarked sharply, really irritated now.

"She had," Roseanna replied. "But she must have come back."

"Yes, she must have! Well, goodbye. Glad to have met you, Mr. Kirk. I hope you'll have a nice day—the six of you here at Lark's Nest all by yourselves." She seized George's arm and dragged him toward the roadster. But both of them looked at the dryad with closest attention as they passed her chair, as though she were on exhibition.

Naturally, Roseanna and the sailor and Jinney hurried to the dryad. And the blue roadster was hardly gone from the lane before Simon came from hiding and joined the group. "Well, now you must explain how and why and where you vanished," Roseanna cried, kneeling by the girl's chair.

So the dryad explained, her pathetic eyes meeting first one of her listeners' gaze and then another's. But after they had had her account of what had happened to her they were really no more enlightened than they were before. It was this:

The instant the Fields and the sailor had turned their backs on the breakfast table to go up to the garage to help the hired boy mend his tire, the dryad became aware of a man in the lane who was beckoning to her. She got up and walked toward him at once, very much excited by the hope that now at last someone had come to claim her and would help her get back her memory.

"Describe the man," directed the sailor.

"Why, he was rather tall, very handsome, wore white flannels and had a German police dog with him on a leash."

"Mr. Douglas," Jinney exclaimed.

"Shouldn't wonder if it was," the sailor agreed. "Well, you went to him when he beckoned. And then what happened?"

"He said in a commanding voice, 'Come home with me, Ellen.' Then he took my arm and hurried me down the lane. He had called me by a name, you see, and he had mentioned 'home.' I knew I ought to say goodbye to you and explain, but he wouldn't wait. He said, 'We've got to hurry, I tell you.' There was an auto waiting out of

(Continued on page 35)



He would be lying in a thicket of larches, reading out of one of his little books



Cast Your Ballot in Our What-I-Wish-in- My-Magazine Contest

HERE is our new What-I-Wish-in-My-Magazine Contest. It is something like the contest of last year except that in this one, instead of ordering a story, you must write a letter on what you would do if you were Editor of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. The girl who writes the best letter will become Junior Editor of the magazine besides being awarded a prize. The writer of the second best letter will become Junior Assistant Editor and will receive a prize; the writers of the third best letter and of the letters that win honorable mention will become Junior Consulting Editors.

The Prizes

Because an editor will need a typewriter, the first prize will be a portable Royal typewriter. And the winner may decide which color she wishes. She may have a scarlet one, if that will look better on her desk, or a turquoise one, or a soft green one, or it may be black if she prefers.

The winner of the second prize may have her choice of a tennis racquet or ice skates or hockey stick; the winner of the third prize will receive a fountain pen; and the five who are awarded honorable mention will each receive a silver editor's pencil.

Here are the Conditions of the Contest

1. Every reader of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, whether or not she is a subscriber, is eligible.
2. Both a ballot and a letter must be sent in, together, by every girl entering the contest. Your full name, age, troop number (if you are a Girl Scout) and address must be at the top of the first page of your letter. Do not leave this off.
3. Vote on the ballot given here and on the next page. Both sides of the ballot must be completely filled out. Cut along the line and mail the ballot with your letter. This, however, is not a requirement, for if you do not wish to cut your magazine, you may use a separate sheet. Copy the ballot on it and answer the questions as the ballot indicates.
4. Write a separate letter of not more than five hundred words on "If I were the Editor of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, this is what I should do." Suggestions for this letter are on the next page.



5. Write your letter on one side of the paper only.
6. The contest closes on October fifteen. No letters and ballots mailed after midnight of that date will be eligible.
7. Address letters to the What-I-Wish-in-My-Magazine Contest, 670 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York.



.....
This is what I wish to vote for in my magazine,
THE AMERICAN GIRL

My name is.....

Age..... Troop number.....

Town..... State.....

The
Three
Authors



I like best
who have had ar-
ticles or stories in
the magazine are

.....
I liked these poems that have appeared in
our magazine



.....
My favorite poem is
(it has not appeared in our magazine)

.....
My favorite "American Girl" covers are
(mention the month)

.....
I'd like a cover like this:

.....
I should like stories about famous women who are living
about famous women of other times.....

(check which you would prefer)

I should like our magazine to publish a biography of

.....
She is the woman living now whom I admire most
Of the sports articles last year, I like
this one best:



Cut here

Turn please

If I were the Editor of THE AMERICAN GIRL this is what I'd do



.....
Please have stories by these authors who have not
written for THE AMERICAN GIRL
.....



.....
The best book I read last year was
.....



.....
I should like Hazel Rawson Cades to
write an article about this
.....

.....
I should like Winifred Moses
to tell us how to cook this
.....



.....
I should like Helen Perry Curtis to tell us how to make this
.....

.....
I like to sew to hammer and saw
(Check which)
.....

.....
I made these things from directions in our magazine
.....



.....
The "I am a Girl Who—" page
.....

.....
I like it I do not like it
I did not like these stories in the magazine
.....

.....
because
I did not like these articles in the magazine
.....



.....
because
I'd like to have this in the magazine.
We haven't had it before
.....

Cut here

When You fill in your Ballot

Read over all the questions on the ballot, then
get together as many copies of the last twelve issues
of the magazine as you have and look them over with the
questions fresh in your mind. Then mark your ballot.

Your Letter

"If I were the Editor of THE AMERICAN GIRL, this is
what I should do"—that is the title of your letter. Perhaps
the best way to begin is to think of what kind of magazine
you would make if you could make a magazine that would
please you absolutely. But remember, too, that your maga-
zine will be read by many thousands of girls. What would
you put into it? Would you have stories, articles, poetry,
pictures, or what? If you have stories in your magazine,
whom would you ask to write them, and what kinds of
stories would you ask your authors for? What kinds of
articles would you have, and whom would you ask to write
them? What kinds of covers would you have on your maga-
zine, and what artists would you ask to paint them? What
kinds of pictures would you have in the magazine? Are
there any things now in THE AMERICAN GIRL that you
would keep? Are there any things you would leave out?
Are there any new things you would put in?

The Winners will be Real Editors

Remember that the prize winners will become real editors
of the magazine. If they live near New York, perhaps they
can come often to the office of THE AMERICAN
GIRL and talk over with Camille Davied and
Margaret Mochrie what shall go into the magazine.
If they live away from New York, then Camille
Davied will write them letters, asking their opin-
ion about the magazine.

You will remember that last year, the twelve
winners of the What-I-Wish Contest ordered stories from
their favorite authors. Next year, we shall have a made-to-
order magazine, and perhaps you will help make it.

So, when you write your letter, make your suggestions as
helpful as possible. If there are things you do not like, do
not hesitate to say so.

The Judge

Miss Gertrude Lane, the editor of the Woman's Home
Companion, will be the judge of the contest. She will con-
sider both the ballot and the letter in
awarding the prizes. So fill out the ballot
on both sides and mail it with your let-
ter. Make your letter explicit, so that
Camille Davied will know what kind of
magazine you would like to have.



Let's Talk About You and Me

By HAZEL RAWSON CADES

Good Looks Editor, The Woman's Home Companion

Illustration by Katharine Shane

PEOPLE write articles about blondes and brunettes and girls with red hair—I do it myself and it's fun. But to tell you the truth, there are more girls who aren't brunettes than girls who are. More girls who miss being blondes than girls who can truthfully be considered so. More girls without red hair than girls with it.

Most of us, whether we like to admit it or not, are "mediums" or "in-betweens." Our eyes may be brown, but are usually blue, gray, green or a mixture of these shades. Our hair is commonly that medium shade of brown which was once blonde and then thought better of it. Our complexions vary from near-blonde to almost brunette. We are "the American girl."

This being the case, it seems to me that altogether too little is said or written about mediums. What colors are they to wear? What sort of clothes are becoming to them? What mistakes in dressing should they try to avoid? What suggestions will be of greatest help to them in looking nice?

In choosing colors, brunettes, blondes and red-heads must consider hair, eyes, complexion and size. The in-between can cross off hair from her list.

If her eyes are particularly nice she should think about them. Certain shades of blue will make blue eyes lovelier and the green-eyed girl should, if possible, wear green to bring out the color of her eyes, and not blue to dull it.

If the medium girl has a good complexion, fresh and with natural color, she can wear almost any shade. If she is pale, she should avoid sharp harsh colors like bright blue or purple, cold colors such as gray and washed-out shades such as pale blue.

If the in-between girl is sallow she should not wear drab shades like tan or taupe, or bright colors in large amounts. Warm subdued colors like henna and deep red, and soft colors like gray-blue and gray-green are often good for the girl with a sallow skin. Navy blue should be brightened with white or cream color. Delicate colors like pale blue and lavender and pink are not particularly good. Peach color is one of the happiest choices among the paler shades, for it has warmth.

The medium girl, having fewer restrictions on account of hair and eyes than her sister who is of more decided coloring, can pay a good deal of attention to her size and type in choosing her clothes.

If she is a nice, sturdy, outdoor type of girl her complexion will probably permit her to wear fresh colors, and she will undoubtedly look well in clear blue and rose and lavender and green. Linens and voiles and tweeds

and jerseys and wash silks help her to keep that clean, sturdy look that is so delightful.

The medium who is small and pale and slender may look nice in mousey woodsy browns and tans and soft greens, and she may be much more charming in rich red and rose and henna and apricot. Sometimes such a girl's complexion and personality take on a glow from her clothes. Her fabrics should be supple and soft—crêpes and chiffons and voiles and jerseys and kasha are her friends.

The big girl who is a medium is often stunning in dark tailored clothes relieved by a little cream or white or a bit of bright color. I know one with medium brown hair and gray-blue eyes who always wears navy blue or white or the two combined. She always looks smart and people remember her as a girl of distinction. Incidentally, she does not wear large-figured materials because she thinks they make her look larger, and she is careful to buy materials that are firmly woven so they tailor well, but are not bulky.

Another medium I know always wears bright colors. She is moderately tall and quite slender, and is a vivid sparkling sort of girl who is able to

wear almost any vivid shade well. Of course, she has quite a good dress allowance and is able to afford a good many clothes, with the corresponding number of hats and shoes and other accessories, or she would not choose such noticeable shades. I have remarked also that her clothes are always of the simplest cut and beautifully made. Bright frocks should be made up in this way, very plainly with practically no trimming.

The medium girl often complains that she has no distinction, but no one is without distinction unless she wants to be. It takes more cleverness in some cases than in others, but the main thing in looking nice is not just to depend upon one good feature but to build up for yourself a complete personality. Study yourself carefully and try to determine what are your good points and what are your bad ones. Then try to accentuate the good and to do what you can to overcome the bad.

Try to be consistent in your choice of colors and styles so that people will get one definite impression of you instead of a jumbled memory.

And, most important of all, be well-groomed. Good grooming is an acquired accomplishment. And though it's not a gift of the gods, it is one that the gods might envy. Don't overlook its importance. I have known girls who really had nothing to make people look at them except an exquisite neatness—and you'd be surprised how many people looked!



Most of us are not blonde, brunette or red-haired, but "in-between," and may choose clothes in a wide range of colors.



From Reveille

Time is never heavy on the days of Scout campers—from the morning until the evening campfire, and games, handicraft and down all sorts of jolly things to the

How long does it take to boil water over a campfire? These girls of Duluth, Minnesota, shown above, are competing in a water-boiling contest

Archery is a favorite sport with Girl Scouts at Camp Houston, West Virginia—and the arrow right in the bull's eye shows that they are skilled, too (left)



On hot afternoons when they are camping, these Mount Vernon, Iowa, girls love to lie in the cool shade of their tent and tell stories or plan stunts



Can
liet
will
ther
dip
and
tire
rock
invi
thin

Down
right
hard
the
Scot
Lake
out
or
over
the
in v

This
is a
at
whe
Scot
tion
obje
dou
the
eve

ie to Taps

the beds of Girl
the mg plunge
bfire, are bikes
t anadlore, and
s to them busy

Campers at Camp Juliette Low, Georgia, will tell you that there is nothing like a dip in their quiet pool and, when they are tired, there are flat rocks that are most inviting and just the thing for sun baths

Down below, to the right, you see the hardy Pioneer Unit of the cactus region Girl Scout camp at Medina Lake, Texas, starting out on a nature hike—or perhaps it is an overnight hike, with the evening spent in watching the stars

This amiable old mule is a general favorite at Camp Tecumseh, where Cincinnati Girl Scouts spend vacations—and he doesn't object to carrying a double load through the woodland paths even when it is hot

At the top of the page are the "tipis" of the Indian Unit at the Toledo camp

An oriole! Out come binoculars at the Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, camp





"WHAT do you do at camp?" asks the girl who has never been there. And the experienced camper replies in astonishment: "What do we do! Why, practically everything!"

"Everything" is, of course, a slight exaggeration, but when we think of the numerous activities that do go on in camp—swimming, hiking, pioneering, acting, archery, baseball, basket-weaving, tipi-making and all manner of handicraft—the exaggeration is excusable.

Did you ever "kalua" a pig?

They do it in camp in Hawaii

Pioneer camping is popular in lovely Hawaii. The Girl Scouts of Maui, who spend vacations at Camp Pokuelani, like nothing better than to get out under the cocoanut trees and *kalua* a pig. *Kalua* means bake and they do it in a fire-pit or *imu*, which is dug large or small according to the size of the pig.



"When are you coming in?" wig-wags this girl of the Newton, Massachusetts Girl Scouts, to her chum who is in the water

Gray overhanging rocks make cool shelters from the sun when Girl Scouts swim at the summer camp of Casper, Wyoming

Where Girl Scouts

From Hawaii to Massachusetts, and Tennessee having jolly times, swimming, boating, hiking,

On one occasion, writes Miss Frances Seibert, director of the camp, the pig weighed a hundred and fifteen pounds, so the *imu* had to be fairly large. Miss Seibert says:

"Some of the girls scurried to collect *ti* leaves, while others collected wood and dug the *imu*—about three feet deep and seven feet in diameter. The wood was placed inside, log cabin style, the stones were piled on top, and the fire lighted. As the wood burned, the stones heated and dropped into the pit. When all the stones were red hot, wet *ti* leaves were placed on the rocks, and the pig was put on some wire netting and lowered into the pit. Several red hot stones were dropped inside its stomach, and it was surrounded with sweet potatoes. After this, more wet *ti* leaves covered friend pig, and lastly a canvas was thrown over him to keep the dirt out. Then all the girls helped shovel the earth on top so that no steam could escape.

"After three hours and a half, we unearthed him and he was cooked to a turn. Never before did pork taste so good. We recommend that you try *kalua* pig the next time you go to camp."

Last summer at Camp Andrée, Briarcliff Manor, New York, pioneer campers cooked a chicken in the same way

as the pig was cooked in Hawaii. After putting a hot stone in the stomach, they wrapped the fowl in wet birch leaves. All who had a taste voted it the best chicken they had ever tasted and we can believe it, too.

Honey for breakfast? Surely— *They keep bees at two lucky camps*

There are only two camps that we know of that have kept bees—and they are Camp Watchung, of the Montclair Girl Scouts (who last year moved to Camp Madeline Mulford) and Camp Bonnie Brae, the Springfield, Massachusetts, Girl Scout camp. The girls at Watchung took care of the bees and amazingly few, considering that bees *are* bees, were stung. The girls were all enthusiastic about their bees, and liked nothing better than to serve some of their own honey to visitors to the camp. The bee keepers all read Maeterlinck's *Life of the Bee* and knew it almost by heart.

"Every Girl Scout a swimmer"

Many camps have this for a motto

Swimming is one of the most popular of camp pastimes, wherever there is a lake or a pool or a bay to swim in. Every girl who spends a vacation at the West-





Pitch Their Tents

to Minnesota, Girl Scouts in camp have been and finding new plants and birds in the woods



The problem of swimming at Camp Pinar was solved with a tank, by these Salt Lake City girls

chester County Girl Scout Camp in New York State, knows something about swimming when she leaves if she didn't when she arrived. The girls of Camp Gruene, of Austin, Texas, know how to swim, too, and so do the Wilkes Barre, Pennsylvania, girls, who attend camp. Indeed, swimming and water sports are so much enjoyed by the Wilkes Barre Girl Scouts, that they had a most attractive water pageant as part of their camp program. It was adapted from the one originated by the Red Cross and published in our own Girl Scout life saving booklet.

McCook County, Nebraska, Girl Scouts have a new camp—an old lodge which they used for the first time last year. It is built almost on top of the water, so we know that swimming is one of the major activities at Camp Hermoso. The name, by the way, which is the Spanish word meaning "beautiful" fits the camp and the setting perfectly.

Another water meet is the one held annually at the Rock Hill Camp of the Yonkers, New York, Girl Scouts. The Boy Scouts of Camp Curtis Reed compete with the girls. Of the last meet, Shirley Sowards of Troop Fourteen, Yonkers, New York, writes, "The boys took all the honors in swimming. But then came the plunge and, much to our delight, the girls were victorious. The

last event was fancy diving, and none of the spectators could tell who won, but the judges seemed to know. They made marks in their books and at last came to a decision. The girls were the most graceful divers by far! The final score was thirty-seven to seventeen, with the boys victorious. But the girls, being good Girl Scouts, didn't grumble. Instead, we all decided to become better swimmers and win the next meet."

The girls of Troop Twenty-three of Columbus, Ohio, had good swimming when they camped at their captain's cottage at Buckeye Lake. Thirteen of them learned how to swim, and all learned to row. "Great excitement was caused by the catching of the first fish," writes Irma Hazlett. "Alas! it was too small for dinner and was put back into the lake after posing for its picture."

"At the end of the week seven girls had earned the Observer's emblem, and a play and a mock wedding had been given. On the last day we had a treasure hunt." It sounds like lots of fun, doesn't it? Well, it surely was jolly.

Hikes and hunts!

They like these at all camps

Speaking of treasure hunts, Camp Tecumseh, of the Cincinnati, Ohio, Girl

Scouts, had a treasure hike. Some of the girls laid the trail and the rest followed, over hill and down dale, until they came to the treasure—a huge basket of apples, very welcome after the long walk.

Another sort of treasure hunt took the form of a "quest" and the girls at Lakanaga, the Camp of St. Paul, Minnesota, used it in connection with their nature work. Each noon a quest was announced and any girl who wished to go on it set about finding the things listed, which might be anything from a "purple flower with prickly leaves growing on the beach" to "find one of the nests of the bird with the red handkerchief around his head." After a girl had done her quests satisfactorily, she became a Seeker, then when she had staked a "claim"—which consisted in finding something in nature she had never seen before, and writing about it—she became a Finder, then a Revealer, and after that she was ready to go on the Adventure and receive her Adventure badge—a brown felt rabbit.

At Greenwood, the Minneapolis camp, they love to go on a quest of their own—a hike to Heron Island. Armed with field-glasses, notebooks and pencils, a group of campers start on the two and a half mile hike to the island. A mile or so away they can hear the cackling and

(Continued on page 35)



New Mexico Girl Scouts rest themselves after a hike to Penitente Cross on Starvation Peak

The best way to wash the new uniform

GIRL SCOUTS have reason to take great pride in their good-looking new uniform.

To help every girl keep hers just as fresh and new as the day she first donned it, the Lux laboratories have made a series of washing tests.

The uniform was given the number of launderings the average girl would give it in a whole year of wear.

It came through this long series of washings with the color as fresh as ever—its lines just as trim and smart as when new!

This is the way to wash your uniform so that it will look new:

FIRST sprinkle Lux flakes into a little hot water, whip into suds, then add cold water until the suds are lukewarm. Use enough flakes to make lovely rich suds. Start right in washing—without any soaking—pressing the suds through and through the fabric. Squeeze out the water—do not wring. Dry quickly in the shade. Press immediately with a warm—never hot—iron.

Give your uniform this gentle, safe care! It will always look trimly new!



Lever Brothers Co., Cambridge, Mass.

Wanted: a Grandparent

(Continued from page 9)

just presence of mind to pitch it out of a corridor window, and sit down on the sill long enough to collect myself a bit before I went back to where the girls were—and even then I don't see why they didn't notice what a state of mind I was in.

During all the next day—all the week, in fact—I lived in perfect dread of a Dean call. But never a call came. It finally percolated through my poor brain that that dear thing had never said a word!

Of course, I wanted to thank her—to do something to show I appreciated it—but how could I? I was afraid she'd think I was trying to fawn on her. But I did pitch into that old math! Much to my surprise, I began to get some idea what it was all about. Oddly enough, the other girls were beginning to say what a good sport the new math prof was, and we began to get sort of used to her clothes.

One night early in the winter Mrs. Latham called me into her room. She knocked me cold by asking me if I wouldn't go into town with her and help her pick out some clothes. "You see," she went on, "I'm planning to spend several hundred dollars, and I feel the need of expert advice." Imagine that!

Well, we had loads of fun! I don't believe the poor thing had ever spent over twenty-five dollars for a wrap before. I couldn't help wondering when and from whence her ship had come in, though of course I couldn't ask. But it was worth the whole price of that outfit to see the girls stare when she appeared in her new togs!

Winter passed along into spring. And then came my trouble. My parents—foster-parents, and all the relatives I had that I knew anything about—were both killed instantly in a motor accident. I'm not going to talk about that time! It seemed as though I should die, too, and I believe I really should have if it hadn't been for Mrs. Latham.

After the accident came another shock. Father and Mother Meredith, it turned out, had never legally adopted me. Why, I don't know. And as there wasn't a will,

all the property went to a relative of Father Meredith's of whom I never even heard. And there I was, without a relative, without a penny, without even a name!

Father and Mother Meredith had never seemed willing to tell me much about my very own people. I knew that my mother had died when I was a tiny baby, and that my father had given me to the Merediths, and had himself died soon after. I didn't even know what their names had been. From something that Mother Meredith once let drop I believed that my mother, at least, had left relatives, perhaps parents, but some ill feeling had arisen and my father had given me to Father and Mother Meredith instead of to them. And once, also accidentally, Mother Meredith had said something that made me think that my mother had come from a little up-state village called Walden.

As I say, I was crushed with it all. Probably I'd have quit college immediately, and gone to work in a store or something, if it hadn't been for Eleanor. All the teachers and all the girls were perfectly lovely through it all, but she was the one who really stood by. And then, my tuition and board were paid to the end of the year, and I had the remnants of my last check, so I stayed. And toward the end of the year, what should the Dean do but send for me and offer me a tuition scholarship!

Then there came a chance to work in the library the next year. And perfect shoals of people wanted to sign me up to sell something, or demonstrate something during vacation. And between all that and Eleanor, the first thing I knew, I was planning ahead for the whole three years!

At first I couldn't decide just what to do during vacation, but it just happened that a senior who had the college agency for a magazine (it was a corking good magazine, too) wanted me to sell it in a country district centering around Walden. Then it popped into my head what fun it would be to get acquainted in the region where my mother

(Continued on page 32)

A New Kind of Supper for Sunday

(Continued from page 15)

hostess' place put the cups, and leave a place for the pot of chocolate or cocoa.

Then go into the kitchen and slice the chicken, tomatoes and onions, make your toast, being careful to slice the bread thin, and cook a slice of bacon for each sandwich. Place the toast in overlapping slices on a large round chop plate or platter that has been heated very hot, and in the center put the hot, crisp bacon. On a small platter, arrange twice as many slices of chicken as you have guests. And on a third platter, place overlapping slices of tomato, a row of sliced Spanish onion, dipped in French dressing, and another row of tiny green pickles around a mound of crisp hearts of lettuce leaves and a mound of olives. Put the mayonnaise in a bowl, see that your salt and

pepper cellars are in place, arrange the cakes and peach Bavarian cream on individual dessert plates and place one of these at the top of each plate on the table, fill the water glasses, pour the cocoa into the cocoa pot, and your supper is ready.

After your guests are seated, the toast and bacon platter is sent on its journey down the table and each guest is instructed to take three slices of toast and one of bacon. Next the bowl of salad dressing is sent on its way, this time each guest helping herself to enough to spread on two slices of toast. This is followed by the lettuce-tomato-onion platter and this in turn by the chicken. Whereupon each guest proceeds to make his or her own sandwich as gracefully and deftly as possible. It's great fun!

Is there romance waiting for Midge and Glo and Sally after they graduate? —



What's in the can

UNSWEETENED

Richness, Freshness, Safety

IT is not by accident that Evaporated Milk strikingly combines these three indispensable qualities of good milk. The very nature of the product requires them and guarantees them. The richness is produced by taking sixty per cent. of the water from pure, fresh milk. The freshness is preserved by sterilizing the concentrated milk in the sealed can—making and keeping it free from anything that could impair its freshness. The sterilization also assures its safety. Evaporated Milk is as safe as if there were not a germ in the universe.

The Result Is Certain

It is not by accident; either, that the food you have in camp and on your hikes tastes so good when it is made with Evaporated Milk. It makes the same good tasting food at home. Its richness and freshness give texture and flavor that nothing else will give. Compare cream soups made with Evaporated Milk with any other soup! Make your white sauce for creamed vegetables with Evaporated Milk diluted with the cooking water from the vegetables, or the juice

from canned vegetables! You'll find a rich-milk flavor and a fine vegetable flavor that can't be had where ordinary milk is used.

In Place of Cream

Evaporated Milk is so rich that it takes the place of cream. And it makes better food than cream can make. The richness is better than that of cream because it is composed of all the food substances of milk—the bone and tissue-building substances, as well as the butterfat. It has the complete, whole milk quality which makes milk—not cream—the most important of all foods.

For Every Milk Use

Diluted to suit the need you have for milk Evaporated Milk always has this whole milk quality. It can't be skimmed milk. The fat globules are ground up by homogenization into tiny particles so that the fat never separates. The cream stays in the milk. As milk to drink it is rich milk—and always safe. For cooking uses the sure richness gives fine flavor to the food. Ice cream made with Evaporated Milk has texture and

flavor that will delight you. For every milk use Evaporated Milk is the up-to-date supply for everybody, everywhere.

An Impressive Revelation

Getting acquainted with Evaporated Milk is bringing astonished delight to millions of women. They are finding it one of the better things for which we now have the habit of looking, in our food as well as in our clothes and cars and houses. And the economy is striking. Used in place of cream, it costs less than half as much as cream. Diluted to suit the milk use it costs no more—in many places less—than ordinary milk.

Let Us Send You

Our Free Booklets

EVAPORATED MILK ASSOCIATION
999 Ill. Merchants Bank Bldg., Chicago
Please send me, without cost, your
booklets about Evaporated Milk.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____

Richer~safer~more convenient~more economical than any other milk

Keeps fresh and sweet on your pantry shelf



Read the thrilling events in the second part of their Commencement story in October



How Handy!

What could possibly be handier than 3-in-One in this Handy Can?

The oil is so good that you may use it on the most delicate household mechanisms. The Handy Can is so convenient in shape and size that it puts oil almost anywhere.

3-in-One

Prevents Rust—OILS—Cleans & Polishes
It's pure; clean; different—a scientific compound of several high quality oils, with valuable properties not found in ordinary oils.

At good stores everywhere, in Handy Cans and three sizes of bottles.

FREE Generous sample and Dictionary of Uses. Request them on a postal.
THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO., 130 William St., New York
LR 1000

NOW'S THE TIME TO

Freshen up

FOR SCHOOL

Frocks must be *especially* fresh and attractive for school—and if they're washed with Fels-Naptha Soap, they will be! Colors stay bright in luke-warm Fels-Naptha suds and the dirt comes out *without hard rubbing!*

Fels-Naptha is good golden soap combined with plenty of dirt-loosening naptha. Working together, the naptha and rich, soapy suds dissolve the dirt and wash it away. Tell your mother about this extra help! She can get Fels-Naptha Soap at the grocer's... the 10-bar cartons are especially convenient.

Nothing can take the place of

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR
WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

Cash's Names

Women on Fine Cambric Tape

They save laundry losses at home, school, traveling.

A Mark of Individuality
Order from your Dealer or write!

J. & J. Cash Inc.

25th Street
So. Hollywood, Calif.
6213 So. Gramercy Place
Los Angeles, Calif.

12 Doz. \$3.25
6 Doz. \$2.25
3 Doz. \$1.25

Wanted: a Grandparent

(Continued from page 30)

had lived—perhaps to find some of my very own relatives—maybe even a nice old grandparent or two! I'd always envied girls who had grandparents. Though just how, if at all, I should identify them, I was a little hazy.

Walden was the dearest little village! Just a street of white-painted houses, mostly with green blinds, and the most prodigious old colonial chimneys. And long roads (dusty I must confess) running out and beyond through fields and woods and farms. I got a room with an old lady—"Aunt Jane" everybody called her)—in the spickest and spannest little house.

That morning I started out bright and early with my magazine. I sold several subscriptions right away, and felt very lighthearted as I walked along.

The road I was on kept growing smaller and smaller till at last it was nothing but a couple of wheel-paths with grass growing high between. I'd about decided I'd come to the end of the world when I heard voices somewhere ahead. There seemed to be a woman, and one or two men, and they were the only voices I'd heard that morning that didn't seem pleasant.

By and by the road turned sharply, and through the trees I could see what was going on. Off on the right, down and under a hill, was a little paintless old farmhouse and an orchard with cherry trees now in full fruit. The tracks of a good-sized truck ran from where I was standing, over back of the hill and out of sight of the house. There were some crates on the truck filled with cherries. The louder voices were coming from two rough-looking men, one on a rickety step-ladder in the orchard and the other in one of the trees.

The person they were talking to had just come over the hill from the house. She was a bent old woman, shabbily dressed, and leaning on a crooked cane. Her gray hair was flying in the wind, and her hooked old nose and jutting chin nearly met as she gave the men back as good as they sent.

"You miserable thieves!" Her voice was cracked and rusty with age but quite undaunted. "Unload those cherries before my husband fills you full of shot!"

The man on the step-ladder gave a snort of derisive laughter! "Your old man is away and we know it. If he knows what's good for him he'll stay away."

Now wouldn't that have made your blood boil? I know it did mine, all right. At first I thought of running back to one of the farmhouses I'd passed for help. I was afraid the thieves might get away before I could find anybody.

None of them had seen me yet. So I bent down out of sight and ran in the shelter of some trees and brush till I got as near the truck as that shelter went. Then I flung myself down in the grass to make the rest of the distance. It wasn't much of a cover, and if the old woman (the name on a nail box was Prentiss, and I might as well call her that)—if Mrs. Prentiss hadn't been so vociferous, I know they'd have seen me. The truck body it-

self helped some as I got nearer, and soon I was flat under it, and still unseen.

It didn't take long to twist out the dust-caps and the valves inside, and the tires went down with a "whish!" that sounded to me like a steam-whistle—four of them, one after the other. But for all the air-hiss, these men never noticed a thing.

So I got up, and walked—a good deal more boldly than I felt—toward the thieves and the still vociferous owner of the cherries. She saw me first, and the sudden start she gave brought both men to the right-about in a hurry, and you should have seen the cross looks on their ugly, scowling faces!

"Don't worry," I spoke to the old lady in as nearly a conversational tone as I could manage. "Help will be here before these rascals can get away."

My idea was, of course, to bluff the thieves into thinking that that help was already on the way; then, when I'd got old Mrs. Prentiss out of harm's way, to get that help before they could fix their truck.

"Help! Who's comin'?" The old woman's cracked voice rang high.

"Help! Little help you'll be gettin'," growled the taller thief, the one on the ladder. "Grab her and tie her up, Bill!" Bill took a step, then stopped, undecided.

"It won't do a bit of good," I assured him as sweetly as possible, but with my heart in my mouth. "It'll be the worse for you if you try anything like that."

"She's sent some one for help!" cried Bill, his eyes opening wide as this brilliant idea penetrated his brain. "We'd better be on our way."

The fellow on the ladder jumped down and ran over toward the truck. He was a big chap, with bunched muscles showing through his dirty ragged shirt.

"We'd better run to the house," I spoke to the old lady in low tones. "They may get ugly in a minute."

"Hey?" said Mrs. Prentiss, cupping her hand to her ear. Before I could repeat it, an angry yell from the truck told me the flat tires were discovered.

"Run?" shouted the old lady, setting her feet a bit more firmly and bracing her withered hands on her hips. "I ain't runnin' from my own farm, not yet!"

So I had to stop, of course. The big brute was coming fast, and shouting at the top of his voice as he came.

"Look out!" I warned him, as I snatched up a couple of cobblestones.

But he didn't stop. I didn't have David's sling, nor much of his technique—but I had been pretty good at baseball. One of the stones knocked his hat off, and the other struck pretty squarely on his shoulder. "If you come on," I told him, "I'll cave your head in with the next!"

The fellow stopped; he gazed a minute rather unbelievably at my skirts; then he turned, still snarling, to rejoin his companion, who was rummaging frantically in the tool-box.

"We must hurry," I told Mrs. Prentiss again. "In the time they're fussing with the car we can get a policeman!"

"A policeman!" she snorted, in fine

A hair-raising story of pirates, and adventures on a heaving main

scorn. "Where, I wonder, would you find one of those worthless city loafers around here? If you'll go up the road a mile for our sheriff, you'll get somebody that amounts to somethin'."

But I was spared the errand, for what should appear in the road just then but a rickety old wagon, drawn by a rickety old white horse, and driven by an old man who was rickety too, if you can use that term for a person. Old—he looked a hundred at least—tall and slender and bent, with a hard-lined face from which two still keen, gray eyes peered out past a big gnarled nose as if they were looking—and hoping—for something to scold about. Why, he was just the sort of old man to be married to such a woman.

"There!" cried the old woman in her shrill cracked voice. "Dave's back early from Gould's. He's got a Bryant youngster with him, come to pick cherries, likely. The boy can go for the sheriff."

I was glad enough the man had come. At the news he wanted to get his old shotgun and "fill them full of buck-shot." The Bryant youngster, a bare-footed little chap about a dozen years old, listened with his eyes popping, when I chased him off to 'phone for the sheriff.

Both the old folks seemed almost as much put out because the thieves were, as they supposed, "city folks," as because they had stolen the cherries. "We'll jail 'em," the old man kept saying.

"These pesky city folks," began the woman again. "Ain't a thing safe when one of 'em's around—"

"Then I'll be on my way," I cut in, and perhaps I was sharp about it. "I'm a city person myself."

"Didn't one of 'em 'city folks,'" shouted the old woman, "cheat me out of hundreds and hundreds of dollars, and didn't our only daughter run off with one, twenty years back, and never write again?"

At that a cold chill seemed to run right through me. Probable ancestors! I looked at that old man's humpy nose!

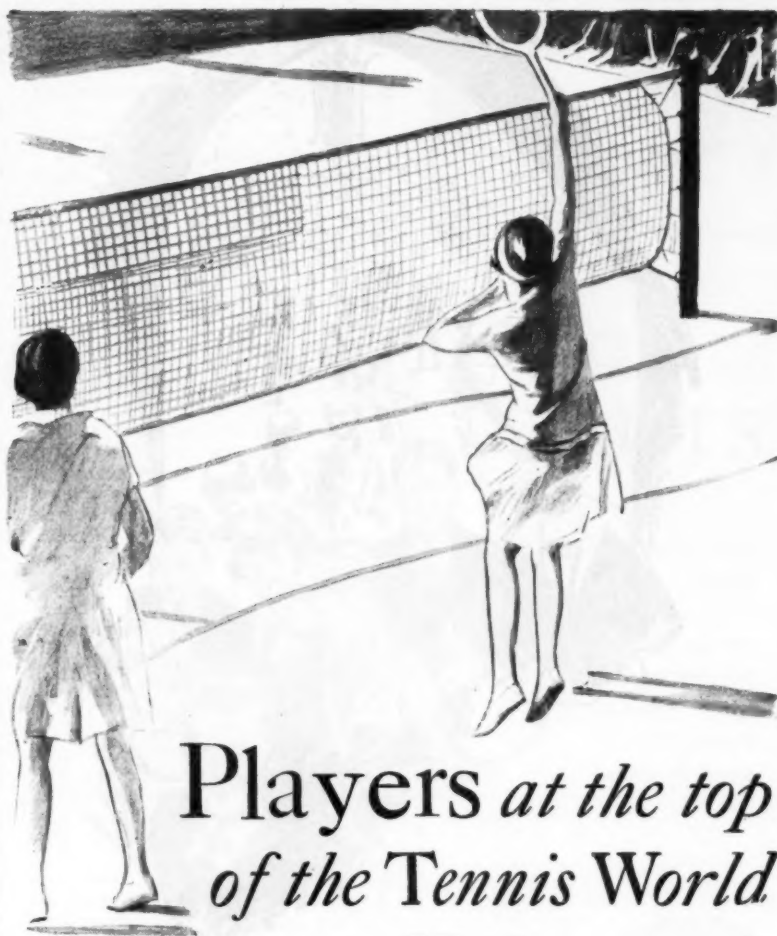
"Did—did your daughter have children?" I asked. My buzzing head seemed to revolve around that point.

"I don't know!" he snapped. "She never writ. About your age, she was when she went away, leavin' us to destitution in our old age."

How I got away from that horrible place I hardly know. And I can tell you I didn't try to sell any more subscriptions that morning. When I got back to Aunt Jane's I collapsed. I could only see my generations of ancestors, clear back to the Mayflower and beyond, and each and every one with a bumpy nose and a horrible disposition, like those two who were probably my grandparents.

And then, all of a sudden, I sat up and shook myself. What I was I was, ancestors or no ancestors, and I wasn't any different from what I'd always been! After I'd shaken some common sense into myself, I began to be sorry for that poor, forlorn, old couple. Wouldn't anybody be embittered after losing a daughter like that, and living years and years alone at the end of the road on that run-out old farm, with the poorhouse star-

(Continued on page 34)



Players at the top of the Tennis World wear Keds . . .

A white ball zooming across the net to the corner of the court . . . at top speed the champion races toward it . . . returns it neatly. Her opponent drives it back . . . higher this time. The champion gets set . . . plenty of time for this one. A powerful forehand stroke . . . the ball flies to a far corner for a sure point.

Both of these returns depended not only upon quick sure stroking, speed and a keen eye . . . but upon a strong sure foot grip as well. A slip or slide in either case would have meant a lost point.

Wherever tennis champions gather—for the world's greatest matches—at Forest Hills, Wimbledon, on the Riviera, you will find many of them playing in a certain kind of sure-gripping shoes. These are Keds—the favorite shoes of great tennis champions. Even in fastest action Keds soles grip surely on ground or floor. They are springy

and strong,—yet not heavy on your feet.

Keds uppers are light, too. But they're strongly built. And the special Feltex inner-sole gives comfort every minute Keds are on your feet.

And Keds wear! Dollar for dollar they give you the best value in sports footwear.

Keds come in all popular styles at prices from \$1.25 to \$4.50. Ask for them by name. And be sure the name Keds is on the shoe.

Write for our free booklet containing information on games, sports, camping, vacation suggestions and other interesting subjects. Dept. 197, 1790 Broadway, New York City.

United States Rubber Company



They are not **Keds**
unless the name **Keds**
is on the shoe . . .

THE "TRIUMPH"

A popular Keds model, a favorite with many women tennis champions. Light, sure-gripping, good looking

One of the most thrilling tales ever told in *The American Girl*—coming



When outdoor people come indoors

You know how hard it is to turn to books again—how restless you feel, the first few days! That's because your body is used to lots of exercise to keep it healthy—now it must get along with less. You can help yourself by being a little more careful about what you eat.

Eat foods that are easy to

digest, that provide nourishment, but also the bran that keeps you from feeling dull and listless.

Shredded Wheat is just the thing! Eat two biscuits every morning with milk or cream and sugar. It won't keep that summer tan for you, but it will help you hold your health and vigor.

THE SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Shredded Wheat



A story about two sisters and a chimney sweep during the Revolutionary War—

Wanted: a Grandparent

(Continued from page 33)

ing them always in the face? It was just terribly pitiful. So, I came down gradually to the point where I decided it was my duty to stay by and roll up my sleeves and see those old folks through, as the child of my disobedient mother.

Then I washed my face in cold water and went down to dinner. And who do you suppose was there to greet me?

Professor—Eleanor—Latham! Of all the people I'd have been glad to see—for with all my good resolves I did need some moral support and somebody's shoulder to cry on. And yet, how I did hate to take her out there and show her what I'd found! But Mrs. Latham didn't seem to have time to see the misery in my eye.

"Can I see you alone?" she cried.

"Sure!" said I. "Come to my room."

"Viola!" she said excitedly, when we'd got the door shut. "I have some queer news to tell you. Do you want to hear?"

"You can't jar me, today," I said lightly, sitting down on the soft bed to ease the shock of whatever it might be.

"It begins back more than forty years ago. I married, when very young, a man much older than myself. He was a good man, but to most people he seemed cold and stern. We had one daughter. When she was eighteen she fell in love with a young man whom her father disliked. I liked him, but I felt they were both too young, and I wished my girl to go to college—to have the education I had wanted. But they ran away and were married. Her father forbade her to come home, and would not let me write. Two years passed. Then, we heard that she was dead, and somewhat later that her husband had died also.

"Not long after that my husband died. He left some property, but it was involved in a manner that took years to clear up—in fact, it was only last winter that I began to receive any real return from it. I was in my early forties. I resolved that it wasn't too late—that I would have my education—and I got it.

"I was alone; I had no one to care for, no near relative at all. I became a teacher, after the years of study, in one college, another, and finally, as you know, in Pierson. Then your trouble came. I heard your story. Always there had been something about you—I wondered—I made inquiries. It took time. But now I know what I never knew before. My daughter had a child. When she died the father gave the little girl to a couple named Meredith!"

No, I didn't faint—I just stared. That horrid old couple in the horrid old house just seemed to dissolve, as though they'd never been!

I grabbed that dear woman—that dear grandmother of mine—and I never hugged anybody so in all my life. I let out a sort of hysterical shout of laughter, and it was a long time before I'd tell Professor Latham—Grandmother—I don't know what to call her now—what it was all about.

And so I found my grandmother. But I had to promise not to tell the girls at college—not, at least, till I graduate!

The Dryad and the Hired Boy

(Continued from page 22)

sight down on the road, a yellow car with a purple monogram on the doors. He rushed me into it and got into the driver's seat after me. The dog jumped up behind. He drove very fast.

"At last he slowed down and turned the car into a little wood road at the foot of a hill. He shut off the engine and said, 'Now we're going to talk.' But tell me first, I begged him, 'who am I? I've got to know that.' He laughed, a very unfriendly sort of laugh, and said, 'Sorry I can't set your mind at rest there, Ellen. You see I have no more idea than you have who you are.'

"Then he took a check-book out of his pocket and wrote out a check. Here it is. It is made out to you, Mr. Kirk, and this is what I am to say to you. 'Keep Ellen and welcome. I never want to see her face again. But if you have the boy, bring him at noon today to the lilac bushes near the ell back of Tanglewood. I'll meet you there with another check for the same amount as the one Ellen's bringing. I've got rid of the tutors for the day, sent them to Dalton on a false clue about the boy. You and Ellen can get the afternoon train for New York. You see I am generous.'

While Ellen quoted Mr. Douglas the sailor had taken the check into his own hand and was idly studying it. "It's for twenty-five thousand dollars," he told them musingly, when the dryad had finished. "The old boy's in earnest, it seems. Go on with your story, Ellen, please. What happened next?"

"Nothing more. The man backed the car out of the wood road and drove back the same way we had come. About half a mile below here he told me to get out and walk the rest of the way back."

They were all sitting in the grass close around the dryad's chair. But now Mr. Kirk sprang to his feet and began pacing up and down before them, tearing the check into tiny bits as he walked. Then, finally, the last white speck drifting from his fingers, he came to a stop directly in front of the dryad and spoke to her abruptly in a foreign language. It was not German or French or Italian or Spanish. It was no language the Fields

had ever heard. But the dryad recognized it. She answered promptly in the same language!

Then the sailor laughed, a good, merry laugh. "You'll do," he stated emphatically. "Yes, I think I have it all now. But it's perfectly wild. Almost unbelievable. My dear!" He took her hands.

"My goodness, gracious me! He's not falling in love with the dryad, is he?" Jinney wailed to herself. "Why, he belongs to Roseanna."

The sailor dropped the dryad's hands and stood up. "I'm going to tell you all that I know about Ellen, and everything, of course," he promised them. "But the first and most important thing is to make Ellen remember herself, to restore her memory. I've an idea in my head, a way we may do that. You all stay here for a while, except Jinney. She must come with me. We won't be long."

CHAPTER VIII

Some Astonishing Revelations

Jinney, obedient and tingling with curiosity, went with the sailor in at the front door, through the house, out at the back door, and up through the long grass toward the garage.

"It's Pat we're after." The sailor explained that much to her. "I say, Jinney, have he and the dryad seen each other while they have been at Lark's Nest?"

"No, I don't believe they have. You see, yesterday afternoon Roseanna put the dryad right to bed, she seemed so tired. So she wasn't at supper. And this morning Pat didn't come to breakfast until she had disappeared."

"Good! Well, I think that when they do see each other it may do the trick, Jinney. Ellen may be shocked into remembering who she is."

"You mean that Pat and she are something to each other?"

"Wait and see."

Pat was nowhere in evidence about the garage. So the sailor called, and Jinney called, and then they both called together. A halloo answered them from Tanglewood, behind the garden wall.

(Continued on page 36)



Girl
couts

all over the country are finding that Royal is the ideal baking powder, not only for camping trips but for general baking at home.

Variations of the standard butter cake are shown above. If you wish the full directions for making these cakes, fill out the coupon for the "motion picture" method and the "Royal Baking Guide".



THE ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO.,
Dept. 21, 102 East 42nd Street, New York

Please send me free copy of the "Royal Baking Guide" and Reprint No. 3.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Where Girl Scouts Pitch Their Tents

(Continued from page 29)

honking of the long-necked herons.

"In the early part of the season," writes one of the hikers, "we found three or four young in the nests which were high in the trees. One time we discovered a lame heron. We got pictures of him, being careful to avoid his huge mandibles. On returning the following week we found he hadn't improved in his old haunt, so we carried him back to camp."

And, of course, athletics!

What would camp be without them?

Hiking and treasure hunts over hills and through rough trails require good health and supple muscles—and what

is better for both of these than a good swift game of some sort! Tennis is one of the best and most popular. At Camp Alegre, of San Juan, Porto Rico, the girls love to play tennis. They have archery tournaments, too, and play volley ball. Archery is a favorite pastime at Camp Dellwood of the Indianapolis Girl Scouts, and the girls have elimination contests in this sport just as they do in tennis, to decide the champions. Baseball is popular at Camp Hoffman and swimming meets bring loud cries of approval at Camp Houston, in West Virginia. Camp Kewani, of the Memphis, Tennessee, Girl Scouts, has canoe hikes—only for girls who can swim, of course—and gay-colored craft glide swiftly in and out of coves.

You will love our new "Made-to-Order" story of bravery by Emilie Benson Knipe

BURNETT'S VANILLA



The Finishing Touch to the Uniform —the Neckerchief



THE new dark green, as well as black, bright red, dark blue, light blue, purple, or yellow. May be tied in four-in-hand or sailor knot, or slipped through the new slides of green braid.

Neckerchiefs are of best mercerized cotton embroidered with the trefoil seal in silk. Price only 45c. Braided slides 10c.

Girl Scout Official Neckerchief
Made by

STANTON BROS.
NEW YORK

This neckerchief is on sale at Girl Scout
Equipment Headquarters, New York

WRITE-RITE Personal Stationery

\$1.00

(Standard Weight White Bond Paper with Envelopes to Match)

200 Single Sheets or 100 Double Sheets
AND

100 Envelopes

Printed with your name and address on paper and on flap of envelopes in Steel Plate Blue Ink.

Full satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded

No order sent C. O. D.

THE GORDY PRESS

2838 CLEVELAND AVE.

CAMDEN, N. J.

The Dryad and the Hired Boy

(Continued from page 35)

The sailor swung himself to the top of the wall. Jinney said, "Give me your hand, please. I'm coming, too."

"Do you really think you can make it?" the sailor protested. She only laughed and was beside him in a twinkling. "You don't look like a tomboy, Jinney," the sailor said a little dubiously. So he didn't like girls to be tomboys? "Well, I am, but Roseanna isn't," Jinney told him quickly.

"You don't have to defend Roseanna to me," the sailor said simply. "When I saw her standing in the field at your side this morning, Jinney, I knew she was perfect. But that's our secret, isn't it?"

Mr. Kirk knew as well as she did, then, that he was Roseanna's sailor! That was all that really mattered. And anyway, Pat had just emerged from the trees and was coming toward them.

He looked a little bit surprised to see Jinney and the sailor waiting for him on the top of the wall. The sailor said quickly: "We want you to come along to the apple tree, Pat, where we have a surprise for you. But it's to be a surprise for somebody else, too. So Jinney's going to go on ahead and get everybody's attention away from the corner of the house where you and I must appear. All right, Jinney?"

She was down off the wall almost before he had finished his directions and running toward the house. Roseanna and Simon and the dryad were waiting under the apple tree as they had agreed.

Jinney watched them for a moment and then she remembered that somehow she was to distract their attention from the approach of the sailor and Pat. Those two had already followed her to the corner of the house.

"Oh, look behind you, Ellen!" Jinney used the dryad's name a little diffidently. "Isn't our lane pretty? It's as nice as the meadows, really, all full of flowers and grass."

Jinney's idea was that the dryad would turn around in her chair in order to admire the beauties of the lane. But not at all. Ellen was too busy looking at Simon. And Simon, too, ignored Jinney. The dryad had bewitched him. Was any more proof needed that she was a genuine fairy? But the situation now called loudly for action, for there was the sailor's head thrust out.

"Ouch!" Jinney cried. "Oh! Oh! Ouch!" She was jumping wildly up and down, first on one foot, then on the other, her hands clapped to one side of her face. Roseanna rushed to her and Ellen and Simon woke up to her existence.

"Stand still, darling! Was it a bee? Stand still!" Roseanna was crying. But Jinney continued her "ouching" and dancing. In the confusion, the sailor and Pat crept up quite unnoticed. And when they were there, Pat just at the dryad's back, Jinney stood still as stone and simply stared at the hired boy as a cue for the dryad to turn around and see him. And the dryad turned slowly.

There was a little space of stillness. Then the dryad's hands went to her fore-

head and brushed it as though she were brushing away cobwebs. Memory drove the melancholy from her dark eyes; light flooded her face. In a quick soft voice she exclaimed, "Norry! Norry!" And they fell into each other's arms, hugging each other like bears. Pat kissed the dryad and the dryad kissed Pat.

The sailor laughed with complete satisfaction. "Now I guess you remember everything, Ellen? What? It worked. Heaven be praised!"

But Pat and the dryad spared little attention to the sailor and his enthusiasm. They turned back to each other and commenced talking very fast in that unknown tongue in which the sailor had addressed the dryad. The dryad herself was a revelation to the amazed Fields. She was so gay, so light, so effervescent. Simon was the first to interrupt the happy pair. "Ellen," he asked rather huskily, "is Pat your brother?"

Apparently it was the last thing that should have been said. Instantly melancholy came back to her lovely dark eyes, and the dryad drooped. "No," she told Simon, and there was great sadness in the way she said it.

"What? Say that again." It was the sailor who was amazed. "If this rascal isn't your brother, who is he then?"

"I'm Norman Douglas. Mr. Douglas at Tanglewood is my uncle. But if you tell him I'm here, it won't do either you or him any good. I'm never going back." The boy was white in his intensity.

"That's all right. Don't worry, old fellow." The sailor spoke soothingly. "But since you are Norman Douglas, as I suspected from the first that you were, then why isn't Ellen your sister?"

Pat suddenly sounded belligerent. "Yes, why isn't she? That's what I want to know. She was my sister until three days ago. Then they told us we weren't any relation at all, all of a sudden. It was Uncle Dick who broke it. And he did that because he was furious with us. We had climbed out from an upstairs window at Tanglewood, let ourselves down through the trees, and been to explore the woods. Well, Uncle Dick was waiting for us when we got back. The tutors, he said, were scouring the countryside for us. It was then he swore that Ellen was no relation to him or to me, that he had merely taken her from an orphan's home. That was the way he punished us for our little bit of freedom and fun. That's why I ran away. I knew that we could not bear to go on living as we had to live with Uncle Dick. We were old enough to rebel. And I would begin it by getting quite away, finding a job, and making a home for Ellen. It didn't matter if she wasn't my sister—"

"But look here," the sailor interrupted. "That's all nonsense. Ellen is your sister. Mr. Douglas is *not* your uncle. And it's all a pack of lies. But go ahead. Tell us the whole story of your running away and all. I've an appointment at twelve with this same Mr. Douglas and I want to get everything straightened out in my mind before then. So tell us all."

Marketing! When your mother lets you do it for her, what a thrill!—

"I told Ellen all about my plans, of course. She made me take the locket, the locket you found in my pocket, Simon. My mother's picture's in it."

"She's Ellen's mother, too," the sailor interjected.

"Well, I managed to trade the chain that went with the locket for a new pair of overalls and a hat our gardener had just bought. I wouldn't use money Uncle Dick had given me ever again."

"I promised to write Ellen soon, when I had found a job; and when we parted that night we said goodbye, for she knew that by morning I'd be gone. It was about midnight when I got out by the same window we'd used that afternoon and started straight away from Tanglewood in my new clothes."

"But the next morning I turned right round again and started back. The bright idea had come to me of getting a job near Tanglewood, so near that the tutors and Uncle Dick would never dream of looking for me there. Ellen and I had spied on your Lark's Nest the afternoon we were free, and said how perfect it would be to live in such a cottage. I tramped it back. You know the rest."

Roseanna spoke for all. "Indeed, we don't know the rest!" she exclaimed.

The sailor smiled and answered her: "For the last twenty-four hours I have been fitting the puzzle together, and now, thanks to Pat's modest contribution, it's complete. But it's quarter past eleven. Let's all go together in a body to meet this weird Mr. Douglas at the place he designated, the lilacs back of the ell. There, while we are waiting, I'll straighten out the pieces for you."

What has happened so far in this story

There are mysteries all around Lark's Nest, and the Fields are in the midst of them. The first thing Simon and Jinney discover when they arrive, is that Tanglewood, the estate next door, has been rented, and "No trespassing" signs have been put up in the woods. Then Pat comes, a boy from nowhere, whom Roseanna, Simon's and Jinney's older sister, who is grown up and manages the household affairs at Lark's Nest, takes on as hired boy. A lovely dryad arrives, a girl who cannot even remember her own name.

Later Jinney and Simon see Pat entering the Tanglewood house by a window and discover a valuable locket in his possession, which he will not explain. Roseanna allows Pat to remain at Lark's Nest and also the dryad.

Then, one morning a merry-looking young man comes through the lane. Jinney notices that he has a sailor's walk, and sure enough, he is James Kirk who has been a sailor and is now a writer of the sea stories that Roseanna likes so well to read. He and Jinney and Roseanna and Simon and the dryad—Pat is working in the garage—have breakfast under the apple tree. Then they all, except the dryad, go to bring Pat back from the garage for his breakfast and when they return to the apple tree, the dryad is nowhere to be found!

Only one month more and you will know the sailor's story—which clears up the mystery. Have you guessed who he is?

Beware of Spiders



BACK of a partition where passers-by cannot see him, the loan shark spins his web—and waits. In his show-windows he displays generous-sounding proposals. He says, "We will trust you when nobody else will—if you have a job." He sends letters telling how he has been able to assist "your friends," and how he will do as much for you.

Sometimes he boldly tells his story on posters and handbills—"Money for salaried men. No mortgages—no indorsement—no collateral—no questions asked. We let you have money at the time you apply for it." He pledges strict secrecy and low rates of interest. He describes himself as "the wage-earner's only friend in time of need"—spider-webs to catch the unwary.

The loan shark knows that the world is full of unfortunate men and women who will promise to pay almost any price in the future for a little cash in hand now.

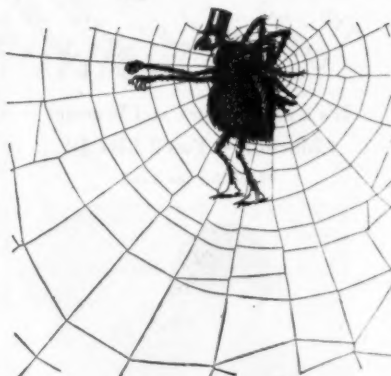
Driven by extravagance or unexpected misfortune, the needy one, when caught, pays a truly terrible price.

The loan shark knows that many of his victims will be unable to pay on the appointed date. He, therefore, extends the time but increases the amount of the loan. Month by month it grows till it crushes. The loan shark's favorite lash on the unhappy victim is "Pay—pay more—or I will expose you. Pay or I will make you lose your job." Sadly enough, sometimes his threat is carried out and the job is lost.

Imagine a frightened employee paying \$2.00 a week "interest" on a \$10.00 loan for three years—156 weeks—and still "owing" the original \$10.00 although he had paid \$312.00. The man who paid this lived in the capital of a great State.

A man who made \$60 a month borrowed \$75 from a loan shark. For a period of three years, he paid each month \$21.85 interest—more than one-third of his wages—without reducing the principal debt.

The man past middle age who has never saved a cent can hope perhaps for but little more than continuing health and steady employment, but younger men and women can and should plan complete financial independence for themselves in their later years of life.



© 1928 N. L. S. CO.

If you must borrow, make sure the lender is licensed and supervised by the State.

A booklet prepared by the Metropolitan will be of assistance in showing how to avoid the loan shark's web. It will be sent free and without obligation on your part. Address Booklet Department, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, Number One Madison Avenue, New York City and ask for Booklet No. 98X.

Haley Fiske, President.

Many millions of dollars are loaned annually by loan sharks. These millions in loans cost borrowers as much more in interest, together with untold mental distress.

Prosecution, though helpful, is not a permanent remedy for the loan shark evil. People still need money and will make any promise for the future in return for present relief. Legitimate remedial and business institutions are therefore necessary. Most States permit the chartering of limited-dividend, semi-philanthropic remedial loan societies.

The Uniform Small Loan Law drafted by the Russell Sage Foundation is in use in twenty-three States and has done much to better commercial moneylending conditions in those States.

This Foundation has also assisted in the development of credit unions which are mutual loan and thrift associations. The credit union collects the savings of its membership and relays these savings to finance the individual needs of the same group.

The Department of Remedial Loans offers its assistance in organizing credit unions and remedial loan associations or in advising loan shark victims. Address, Russell Sage Foundation, 130 East 22nd Street, New York, N. Y.



Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

But you'll want to do it well. There are hints and helps in October

THE BETTER STORES SELL
SMART COATS MADE OF

The Genuine
"Lambkin"
Pure
Lambswool
Chinchilla

It's a New, Better and Warmer
Chinchilla—You'll Like It!

*Look for the Label



Mother Will Know the
DIFFERENCE

Just ask
Mother
to look at
"Lambkin"
Pure
Lambswool
Coats
first—before
buying
for you

the coat which is to keep you snug, warm and cozy this and next winter and maybe little sister the year after. They are made for brother, too. "Lambkin" Chinchilla is the finest made. It will not get hard or stiff from exposure to rain, sleet or snow. Conscientious stores will not try to sell you ordinary Chinchillas as "Just as good." They know "Lambkin" is better.

Made and guaranteed by
ARGYLE WOOLEN COMPANY
251 4th Ave.
New York N. Y.
Makers of Fine Cloths

Commencement for Midge and Glo and Me

(Continued from page 18)

everybody asked Midge why she didn't grow up. They said it was all right for sophs to play like that, but it made a senior look out of date. Midge always protested loudly that being fire chief was a serious proposition with her. Of course, as fire chief she could disregard all rules and could go anywhere from the basement to the roof.

Midge and her squad practiced so much and had so much fun over it that finally folks didn't pay any attention to them at all. When Sol came racing up the hill folks would say, "Aw, that's just Midge making a noise like her second childhood," and they let it go.

Even I stopped noticing her. As Commencement came on, I had so much on my mind and the days flew by so fast I could hardly keep up with myself, much less with Midge. In February I went hunting with George Newcombe, Midge's oldest brother, and from that day right on I found that when I wasn't thinking about something else, I was thinking about George.

Before we knew it final exams were among us. Midge and Glo and I made a last effort to learn it all. We sort of cleared our minds for action and didn't think about anything—well, hardly anything—but studies for two weeks. Midge wrote brilliant exams just as everybody expected her to. Even she, herself, felt satisfied with them.

"Maybe, Sally, I *did* make first place," she said to me when nobody else was listening. I hoped ever so hard that she had. I felt that being valedictorian would take the place of the honor and fame that she gave Spin Jamison when Spin made the Scribe Club and Midge didn't. She was so disappointed.

Two days before Commencement, though, Midge came in the room and threw herself across the bed and hid her face behind a pillow. We knew something was exceedingly wrong. "Why don't you talk?" I asked finally.

"There's nothing to talk about," said Midge.

"Have the senior averages been made up yet?" asked Glo.

"Yes," said Midge. "Louise Watkins' average for the four years is ninety-six and mine's ninety-four and six-tenths."

Glo and I simply couldn't believe it. Midge had been Big Minnie (the student with the highest grades) ever since our sophomore year. No one had ever made a record like that before. Certainly Louise hadn't. We got out Midge's old report cards and averaged up her grades just to be sure. We looked long and hard at her freshman and sophomore grades.

"Here's where you lost," said Glo. Those soph and freshie grades stood out as monuments to the time when we did not crack a book day in and day out.

It certainly is hard to have to pay and keep on paying for one's past!

We all gloomed together awhile but Midge is a gallant loser. "It's time to

forget it," she said. "I wanted first place and I lost it. And that's the end of that. Buck up Sally—grieving time is over."

Then suddenly she threw a pillow at me and started singing, "I know something Sally wants to know." She flipped a letter right in my face.

I could not help but snap out of it then. That letter was from George and I knew it told whether he was coming to Commencement or not. All in a minute my mind was in a whirl. I would've died before I would've asked Midge what was in the letter and I felt I would just die if I did not find out. I wouldn't give Midge anything so as to prove my indifference and she would not tell.

And he did come! I was standing at our window early the first morning of Commencement. Away beyond the campus and across the state highway I could see the sophomores picking daisies for our daisy chain. I pretended I was watching the sophs and all the time I was watching the highway. Midge knew I was faking. She came up behind me and said, "Sister Ann, Sister Ann, do you see anybody coming?"

"I'm not expecting anyone," I said, and I looked hard at the sophs for about a minute—or maybe half a minute—well I'm sure it was fully a quarter of a minute, because I almost did not see a cloud of dust turn the bend in the road. It flew towards the sem and swept through the gate and on up the hill at a terrific rate.

"That's George driving," I cried. "Nobody else can raise so much dust." And I flew down the steps and across the campus to meet him—them. Midge and Glo couldn't begin to keep up with me.

The cloud of dust stopped and turned into the Newcombe's new car which is named Lizzie. Out tumbled all of Midge's family, Molly and Lina and Frank and Betty and Billy and Baby Bobby and Mr. and Mrs. Newcombe and—George. I stared and stammered and so did he and after awhile I managed to say, "I thought you would come."

And he said, "I thought I would, too."

And we both were as pleased as if we had really said something.

All the commencement company arrived that day. Uncle Harry, who is my entire family, came and Glo's parents and a couple of her aunts came. Charlie and Bob Malroy breezed in and brought half of Georgia Tech with them because half of Tech has a girl at the sem. Every train that arrived was loaded down with parents, beaux, relatives and alumnae.

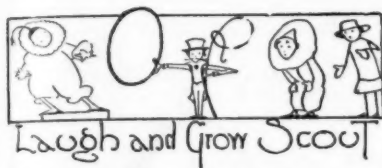
Late that afternoon we heard a great buzzing in the sky. Glo nearly had a fit because since our houseparty she has been very much interested in aviation.

"I knew it, I knew it!" she cried and she nearly broke her neck looking up.

There were three airplanes zooming around. In a moment they glided to earth and landed on the athletic field. It was Lieutenant Carlson and Lieuten-

(Continued on page 42)

If your friends at camp or at home do not take "The American Girl"—



The Funniest Joke I Heard This Month



One Too Many

A man visiting relatives in the country was surprised to see his small son fighting with his farm cousin.

"Here, here, what's all the fuss about?" he called.

"Well," his son replied, "it's all Joe's fault."

"What's Joe been doing?"

"He showed me a pie-plant and an egg-plant and a cowslip and some horse-radish, and I let him get away with it all right—but when he tried to tell me about some milk weed, I just got mad!"—Sent by MILDRED RITZ, Dunkirk, New York.

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

Backfire!

A student, who had failed in all his subjects, wired his brother:

"Failed in everything. Prepare papa."

The brother answered:

"Papa prepared. Prepare yourself."—Sent by JANE JOHANTGEN, Los Angeles, California.

Youthful Vanity



None of the guests at dinner noticed Jessie's new ring. Unable to withstand their indifference, she exclaimed, "Oh, dear, I am so warm in my new ring!"—Sent by FRANCES E. MASON, Lowell, Massachusetts.

Fifty Per Cent Pure

SUSPICIOUS OLD LADY (in the country): What's that funny stuff on those sheep. SHEPHERD: Wool.

S. O. L.: I'll bet it's half cotton.—Sent by HELEN GILLAM, Portland, Oregon.

A Strange Affair

FIRST GIRL SCOUT: Do you like codfish balls?

SECOND GIRL SCOUT: I don't know. I've never been to one.—

Sent by MARJORIE BRYAN, Iowa City, Iowa.



Helena Martin, Heroine



"I STILL don't believe that Helena Martin did it," said Connie flatly. "Your cousin Jim must have the names mixed. Why, she can't even swim breast stroke! She had to give up swimming class because her heart wasn't up to it, or something."

"Would the handsomest man at Yale be likely to make a mistake?" inquired Marcia Haines dramatically. "He was on the committee of summer colonists that presented her with the medal, so he ought to know. And you should hear him rave about her bee-eauty!"

There was a shriek from Dot Hill, at the window. "Here comes Jemmy, and Helena is with her."

It took just a half-minute for everyone in the room to realize that this was a different Helena. Here was a Helena who *could* rescue two people from an overturned canoe, and who *was* a beauty—a butterfly just out of its dun chrysalis. But it took Connie to blurt out:

"Helena—whatever have you been doing to yourself?"

Helena beamed on them, one and all. "I was hoping you'd ask me that, so I could boast about it. Though there's no credit due me—it's all Uncle Joe's."

"You know I spent the summer at Squantum, with my aunt and uncle. Well, he decided that my ill health wasn't due to a weak constitution, as I'd thought, but to the fact that I was living wrong. We went into training together."

"Uncle Joe's rules are simple. Plenty of sleep, plenty of exercise, the right food, and *no* tea or coffee. We drank lots of milk—"

"Ouch!" from Connie. "That kills the scheme for me. I hate milk."

"Try Instant Postum made-with-hot-milk," advised Helena. "I have it! I'll give a Postum-party tonight. Can you all come? . . . Fine!"

Learn how Helena did it!

All the rules that Helena followed are given, in detail, in an attractive little booklet called "The Garden Where Good Looks Grow", that is yours for the asking. Helena became healthy and attractive simply by following these rules—and so can any normal girl.

You'll like Instant Postum made-with-hot-milk, too, just as much as Helena and the other girls did. Postum, you know, is simply well-roasted wheat and bran, slightly sweetened. When combined with hot (not boiled) milk, it makes one of the most healthful beverages you can drink, and it's *perfectly delicious*.

We'll send you a week's supply of Instant Postum, if you like, to start you on the thirty days' test that Helena made when she first started training. Just mail the coupon *now*, and we'll send your booklet and the Postum right away.

©1928, P. Co., Inc.

MAIL THE COUPON NOW!

POSTUM COMPANY, INC. P. Co., Inc. 9-28
BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

Please send me, without cost or obligation, your booklet, "The Garden Where Good Looks Grow," and a week's supply of Instant Postum.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

Fill in completely—print name and address

In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM CO., LTD.
812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ontario

Tell them about the fifty cent "get-acquainted" offer



Mary Virginia Baker
is enjoying the camp
middy she bought with her
own earnings.

You, Too, Can Earn For Fall Fun!

Dear Club Manager: My Scout uniform was so worn and how I wanted a trim new one! Now, since joining The Girls' Club, I've earned enough to buy my uniform and camp middy. Today I'm going downtown to get my green neckerchief and a camp knife. The earning wasn't like work, either, it was simply fun, and I've had even more fun out boating in that new middy.

Mary Virginia Baker, Pa.

How many, many of you school girl scouts are trying to settle such worrying problems this month? Perhaps a sports dress, a big sweater, a banjo uke represents your heart's desire! But this I know—you want these things now,—not next month or next year.

And most of you are thinking too: "I don't want to ask mother for more money." Aren't you?

I feel sure you'll joyously welcome dollars in your purse every day so you won't have to stretch your allowance, or get along without the things that other girls are having.

Here's the way! By joining our happy Girls' Club and doing some enjoyable work in your spare hours and on Saturdays, you can, in an unbelievably short time, earn your own money to buy the things you want.

The prizes you can win, too! Big heavy sweaters, snappy brief cases, field glasses for the football games, and attractive gifts are but a few of them. And schoolgirls like yourself are "earning and winning" every day.

\$20.00 for New Clothes

Dear Club Manager: It seemed that everyone was getting new clothes except me, and yet I always dreaded "asking." But the first week after I started the Girls' Club work, I bought shoes and stockings to match and then I bought my dress and new hat. Think of earning \$20.00 in less than three weeks!

Vincie P., Ky.

Come "Earn and Win"

Before you put this magazine aside, or even turn over a page, why not write me a little note like this: "Dear Manager, Tell me about the Girls' Club plan." And please give me your age. Then I can send you all the details about our friendly work and you can start piling up your profits and winning prizes immediately.

There are no obligations and no expenses. Write to:

Manager of the Girls' Club

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
1064 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Books to Enjoy in Your Leisure Hours



By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

The Reader's Guide, Saturday Review of Literature

IF ANY of you are planning to be teachers, or expect to have anything to do with the work or play of children, I want you to read a little new book by Mary H. Lewis called *An Adventure with Children* (Macmillan). It filled me with such enthusiasm that I read a great part of it aloud to anyone who chanced to be nearby. Miss Lewis's adventure began as a young teacher in one of the best schools of this country, where everything was not only cut but dried for the children by the most famous and learned educators—only somehow the children seemed to take it rather languidly. After that she taught on the roof of a college building, under a huge canvas tent, and here, in the windiest spot of New York, under the conditions of an outdoor school that made its own roof-gardens and rabbit-houses and cooked its own cocoa, the idea of a new sort of school began to germinate. A committee of parents from a middle-western city, hearing of this group of happy students, so engrossed in their work that they did not even look up to see visitors, invited her to go to their city and start a school that would give this idea free play and permit other ideas to grow from it. So she went, and this book is the story of that school.

It began in a cottage but soon took possession of an old estate with a colonial house and great grounds with elms and orchard trees. The children not only helped to build the school; they helped to run it. They had a chance to be themselves and to develop their own qualities, and so progressed with speed and delight quite impossible had they been pressed into a mould to make all the unlike ones come out just alike.

Stories Barry Told Me (Longmans) is as unusual a collection of tales as one could wish. Barry Pain, as no doubt you older girls know, is an English writer of such quality as a humorist that for years anything bearing his name has been eagerly caught up by anyone looking for a chance to laugh. When his daughter Eva was ten years old and they were together at a watering place, they used to walk down from the house to the shore in silence side by side, for the father was thinking up a story to tell her on the way back. It was always a new one and always just a trifle different from any you ever heard, due to

a streak of fun or fancy somewhere. Fortunately Eva wrote them all down, and now gives us this book just as she then wrote it, only the spelling has been brought into harmony with grown-up notions. The pictures are just what they should be. They look something like lovely old woodcuts colored out of your paintbox.

I need only point to the name of the author of *Lords of the Wild* (Morrow) to make you want to read the book, for it is no other than Samuel Scoville, Jr., and you know his wild animal stories in this very magazine. Perhaps you have read his *Outdoor Club* book (Harper), in which his own family carry on natural history explorations in a series of jolly adventures in the open. These new stories are dramatic and thrilling, many of them struggles of one sort or another for food or for life, or scenes in the never-ceasing warfare of the wild, in which you become enthralled by the adventures of cacajous and creatures more familiar, but none of them dressed up in human garments or prettified into bedtime stories. The pictures, by Charles Livingston Bull, are dramatic, too.

Every now and then I tell you about a boy's book because I don't see why a girl would not like it just as well. The one this time is *Adventures of Tom Marvel*, by Ralph Henry Barbour (Appleton). It tells of high-spirited doings of a boy who runs away from military school. He thinks he has a reason, but I think it is just because he has the feeling that almost anywhere would be better than where he is, something that many a young person knows. So off he goes until he meets a tin-peddler with a horse who answers to the name of any hero or general, so long as it's noble, and this horse runs away with him, and before he can get back, lands him in the society of two other runaways. So you see this is a book on the run altogether. One of the runaways is a girl, which makes this really a girl's book too, and she is tired of the grandeur of a fine home and two adoring aunts, but the other is escaping from a cruel man to whom, as an orphan, he has been bound out. In the end they all get back to their homes, of course, without being away long enough for their people to be seriously worried, and the boy who has no home finds one and likes it a lot.

If hockey is your favorite sport, or if it's your new hobby—

The Fair Balloon

(Continued from page 12)

ist of the country," and he pointed to another man who bowed his acknowledgment.

"Come away from temptation," Beth laughed, taking Louise and Ted by the arms and pretending to drag them away. "There's no temptation in riding in a balloon," Louise assured her, laughingly, "but I wish Bob would go up and sail to Mars and never come back any more!"

"It would be nice!" Beth replied.

Neither of the girls realized that Bob was so close behind them that he heard everything they said. His face flushed with anger, and his eyes took on a determined look that would have frightened them if they had been aware of it. He turned and began to push his way back through the crowd toward the fat man in the striped sweater.

It was Louise who missed him first and turned in time to see him disappear in the crowd. "My goodness," she said, "there goes Bob. I'm sure he's going to be silly and try to go up in the balloon!"

But in stopping to watch him she had become separated from the others, and when she turned again they had disappeared. So there was nothing to do but follow Bob.

She reached his side and laid her hand on his arm. "You aren't going up in the balloon, are you, Bob?" she said.

He looked down at her and his brows were knitted in the look that Louise had grown to hate. "Who's going to stop me?" he demanded.

"I am," she said, shortly.

"Oh, no you're not. I'd like to see you."

"Please don't do it, Bob. Mother won't like it."

That was all Bob needed to make him shake her hand off his arm and walk toward the balloon, with a haughty, defiant glance at the trembling girl. He had made his way to the man in the sweater, who was overjoyed to see him. If this handsome boy went up with the balloonist it would be good advertising.

The crowd was so dense now that Louise found herself being pushed back. But she was determined to keep Bob out of the balloon, if it was the last act of her life, and she fought and pushed her way through to the cleared space around the basket. "You've got to keep out of that, Bob!" she said.

"Are you giving a free show?" he asked nastily.

"I could scream and kick and kill you," Louise said in a strained voice, "and I oughtn't to care if you did go up—"

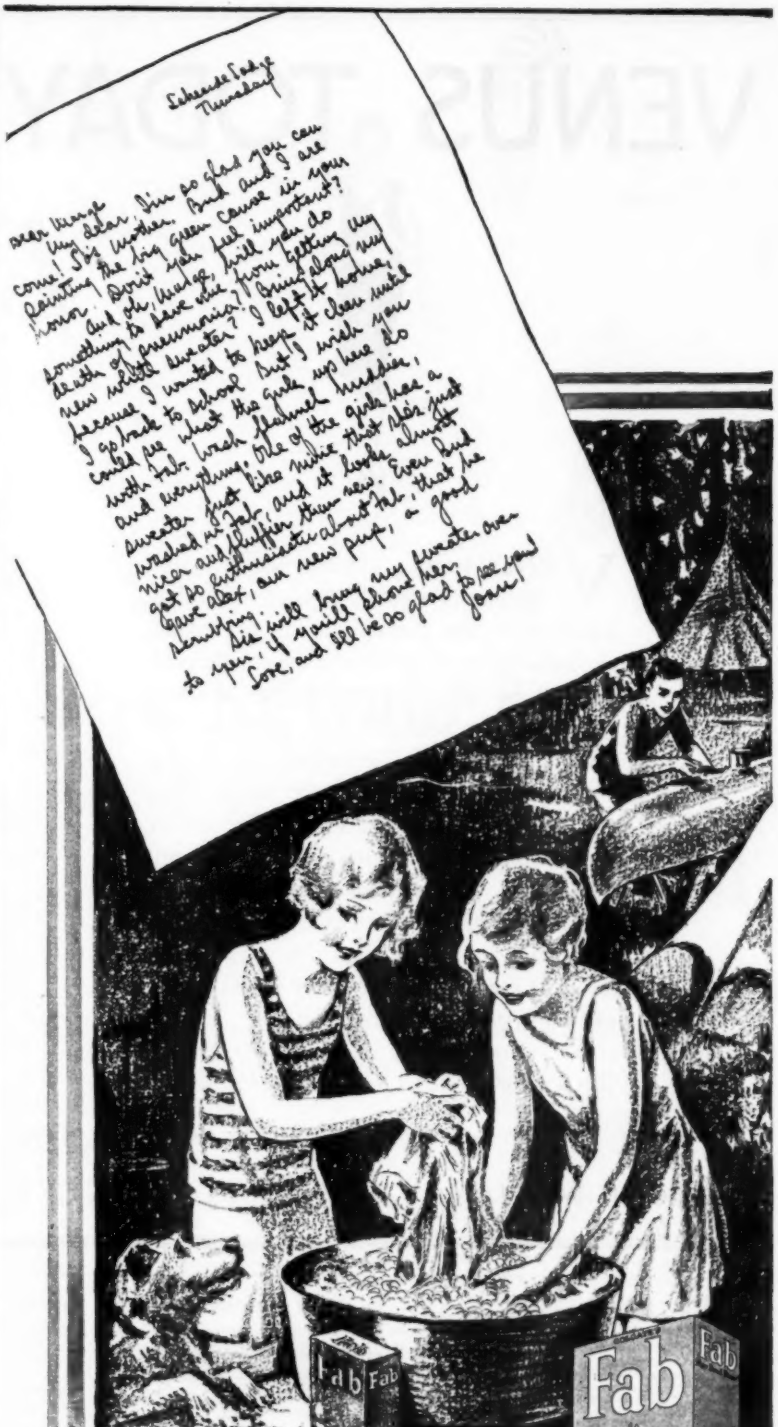
"I suppose it's another case of concentration—on yours and Beth's part," he laughed. "I happened to hear you wishing that I'd go up and never come down."

"Oh, Bob, I didn't mean it!" Louise cried, "I was saying it to be funny—"

But Bob had turned his back on her and was swinging one leg over the side of the basket. Now he was in, standing with his arms folded and looking quite handsome and very nonchalant. The small fat man was grinning, he was so pleased. He was getting his advertising!

Louise was desperate. She clung to the

(Continued on page 43)



Girl Scouts:

will you write to me if you would like advice about special care for any of your pretty things? Ask me any question you like. And be sure to send in this coupon for a sample box of the new FAB in bead form. Janet Read.

Janet Read, Colgate & Co., Dept. A-9, 595 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me sample box of FAB and washing directions for stockings, dresses, sweaters, gloves, blankets, etc.

Name

Address

City.....State.....

You will want to read what Gurney Williams says about it next month

VENUS TODAY



VENUS today is a smart, neatly attired woman,—equally at ease in the ball room or at the controls of an aeroplane. And the secret of her ease is the sure knowledge of her physical fitness. Her intimate necessities are selected with the same discriminating care as her fashionable frocks.

Venus Traveling Package is our contribution to the modern Venus. Three compressed sanitary napkins of the same fine quality as the regular Venus non-compressed are packed with two safety pins in a package no larger than the palm of the hand. It is easily tucked away in the traveling bag—or even the hand bag.

Just ask for "VENUS TRAVELING PACKAGE"

VENUS CORPORATION
1170 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

HANDICRAFT
Self-Instruction Booklets
Our booklets are designed to help girls in their handicraft work at home, at camp and at school.

- How to Make Pleated Lamp Shades
- How to Do Simple Wood Finishing
- How to Make a Waste Basket
- How to Make a Batik Handkerchief
- Block Printing Applied to a Sofa Pillow
- How to Make a Princess Slip
- How to Make a Plaited Skirt
- How to Make Crystalline Lamp Shades
- How to Make a Cooking Combination
- How to Make Pajamas
- How to Make a Laundry Bag and a Shoe Bag
- How to Make Hammered Copper Book Ends
- How to Make a Nightgown
- How to Make Three Practical Aprons
- How to Make an Envelope Bag, Coin Purse and Boutennière

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS EACH
PRACTICAL ARTS PUBLISHING CO.
44 Vista Avenue Elizabeth, New Jersey

MAKE MONEY SPARE TIME
You can earn money at home with Scherer's Original Greeting Cards. Pleasant, simple, popular plan. Can be done easily in spare time among friends. No cash investment required. Write for "New Greeting Card Plan." Charley C. Scherer, "The Greeting Card Man", 222 Elm St., Westfield, Mass.

Raise Money for Your Troop!



Girl Scouts in all parts of the country have used the Bylund Plan to raise money for their troop treasures. Sell nationally advertised candies at 5c a bar. Merchandise must be satisfactory or returned at our expense. No money required to start.

Write for "Plan GS."

BYLUND BROS., Inc.

Woolworth Bldg. New York, N. Y.



FREE—Imported Wrist Watches. Also other Valuable Premiums absolutely free!

Write Wellington Novelty Co. Dept. A.G.
3034 Wellington Road. Los Angeles, Cal.

Commencement for Midge and Glo and Me

(Continued from page 38)

ant Ridgeway, and Lieutenant Terry from the aviation camp at Americus. (Glo had met them at Flo Fowler's.)

Glo claimed Lieutenant Carlson and Lieutenant Ridgeway as her especial property, but Lieutenant Terry is Flo's beau, and very obviously he came to see her. We were all eager to meet him because Flo had talked about him so much. He's the best flier in the South.

That evening just before dark he took his plane up and did lots of fancy flying as a compliment to the seniors. That was awfully nice of him because Flo Fowler is the junior president and that automatically makes Lieutenant Terry a junior sympathizer.

The next thing on the program was the senior play. I don't remember much about it, but I think it was a success. I wrote it and Midge directed it and Cousin Leonard Hampden, Midge's beau, financed it. Glo conducted the orchestra for it and all our parents and friends applauded it. And George sent me roses.

The next thing that stands out big in my mind is class day. If I live to be a thousand I'll never forget that class day. Not a word had been said about the Crook for weeks and weeks. Not a gesture had been made toward it and yet there wasn't a soul at the class day exercises who had a thing on his or her mind except, "Crook! Crook! Crook!"

We always have class day outdoors at Maplehurst. This time we marched down the hill in the usual formation—freshmen first, juniors next, then the sophs bearing the daisy chain and then we seniors and then the faculty. When we reached Maplehurst the sophs made an aisle with the daisy chain and the seniors marched down it to their places on the piazza.

Midge, as class president, presided as chairman. She was just as calm as a cucumber as she announced the program. Only once did she bat an eye in a perturbed way and that was when she noticed that Flo Fowler wasn't present.

We had the class history and the class will and the class prophecy. Nobody heard a word of any of it because everybody was sitting on edge thinking, "Crook!" And the Crook was up there in the tower where it had been all year.

Dr. Adair got up to make his speech of-good-advice to the seniors. That speech always ends with the question, "Who has the Crook?"

And right then a freshman squealed. "E-ee-eee-e!" she cried. She clapped her hand over her mouth, but it was too late. Everybody turned to see what made her squeal.

Flying right out of the sun was an airplane. It was headed straight for the clock tower. Then it swerved and dipped and a band of white smoke followed it. It flew higher and across the sky it wrote J-U-N-I-O-R.

The Crook! Will the juniors get it and "make the seniors bite the dust?" Or will Midge find a way? Next month will tell.

A story about a duchess, a wig-maker, an old musician and two girls—

The Fair Balloon

(Continued from page 41)

edge of the basket and begged Bob to get out, but he paid no attention. Then she ran up the short flight of steps and jumped over the side. "I'll make such a dreadful scene that you'll have to come with me," she whispered desperately.

And then something terrible happened. There was a terrific bump that threw them both to the bottom of the basket, and then screams and men's voices.

"Oh, Bob! What's happened?" Louise cried, and tried to struggle to her feet. But Bob didn't answer her. He looked very queer.

She pulled herself to her feet, and looked over the side of the basket. The ground was falling away from beneath her. The balloon had broken away from the men who had been holding the ropes. It was floating high and free in the summer air, going higher every minute with no one to guide it, no one who knew anything about it, no one in the basket but a frightened young girl and a boy.

"Bob," she cried, trying to keep her voice calm and steady, "what are we going to do?"

"What shall we do, you ask me? How do I know? You got us into this!"

His voice went up in a way that made Louise lift her head and look at him in horrified surprise. She hadn't expected a boy to act this way. If Ted had been there he wouldn't have been sitting in the bottom of the basket more frightened than she was.

She struggled to her knees and pulled the collar of her velvet jacket higher around her ears, for it was very cold. She tried to steady her voice. "Bob, we're in a dreadful mess," she said. "I don't believe anything like this ever happened before. I'm scared to death, and I guess you are, too, but we can't let go."

Bob's eyes were like a frightened dog's. She felt a sudden disgust for him. She wanted to push him away, to tell him not to grovel. But he was too pitiful, somehow. She found herself patting his shoulder as a mother would pat a frightened baby. And as she tried to quiet him her brain worked at lightning speed. She remembered that she had read somewhere that there was an emergency rope attached to the gas bag that would let out the air. But suppose she pulled the wrong rope, she thought frantically. Suppose she let out too much gas and they dropped to the earth like a thunderbolt!

If Bob would only brace up—if he'd stop acting like a baby and talk to her. "Bob, you've got to stop this," she said. "You're acting like a coward. We've got to think ourselves out of this."

After awhile Bob got to his knees and looked over the edge of the basket, too. But he drew back quickly and looked so white that Louise thought he was going to faint. The clouds were thickening in the west and she shuddered as she watched them piling up.

"Bob," she said, dropping down next to him and putting her hand on his for a minute, "Bob, you can't be so frightened. Suppose we were going to die—and we may, you know. You'd hate to have

(Continued on page 44)



How to train for that team you want to make this fall

FREE training game builds winning pep

SEPTEMBER! Athletic days again! Basketball, swimming, track—you're going out for some team. But will you make it?

It depends a lot on one vital thing—your health. The girl who's always getting sick hasn't much chance of making good. Sickness kills endurance. Slows you up for months.

Ask your coach or troop leader. And just to better your chances of making a school team, of winning merit badges and scout honors—take this training hint. Keep well. Guard against disease germs!

Health authorities say 27 diseases may be caught from germs our hands pick up everywhere. Why take chances? Use Lifebuoy regularly. Its bland and abundant antiseptic lather removes germs!

Thousands of big athletes, girls and

boys, use Lifebuoy to help them keep fit. Join the leaders. Get Lifebuoy today. You'll get a real kick out of it. Removes dirt in a jiffy. Makes the skin feel fine. Keeps complexions glowing with ruddy freshness and health. Prevents body odor, too. You'll love Lifebuoy's pleasant clean scent.

Mail coupon today for Wash-up Chart and cake of Lifebuoy—both free. "A great little pep-builder and lots of fun," say girl scouts everywhere.

Lever Bros. Co., Dept. 339
Cambridge, Mass.

Please send me a Lifebuoy Wash-up Chart and a cake of Lifebuoy—both free!

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

LIFEBUOY

• FOR • FACE •



• HANDS • BATH •

PROTECTS HEALTH

STOPS BODY ODOR

It starts in October and is full of mystery, romance and excitement



Every "Up-to-date" Girl Plays the Harmonica

VACATION days aren't half so much fun unless you can pull out a harmonica and show the crowd how you can play—or join with the other girls in harmonizing the latest popular songs as well as the old-time melodies.

Everybody plays the harmonica now—that is, everybody who is up-to-date. Don't be the exception.

Send today for the free instruction book which will show you in pictures how you can learn to play the harmonica in an amazingly short time. A penny postcard will bring it free by return mail. Do it NOW before you forget!

FREE
INSTRUCTION
book, fully illustrated.

M. HOHNER, Inc.
114 East 16th St.
Dept. 503-J, New York



Have You Charm?

Don't Blame Nature! It's Up to You

Of course you want to be attractive. Do you know that you can be? Dr. Wadsworth in her book **CHARM BY CHOICE** tells you on what simple health laws and health habits your personal charm depends.

Do you know that what you eat is reflected in your figure and your complexion? Have you ever thought that the way you look at life affects the way other people look at you?

Do you realize that intelligence is the most useful ingredient in your daily beauty treatment?

Do you know what creams and lotions can and cannot do? Send a dollar and let Dr. Wadsworth open your eyes to your own possibilities.



THE WOMANS PRESS
600 Lexington Ave. New York

The Fair Balloon

(Continued from page 43)

anyone find you with your eyes all shut tight from crying and your face all wet with tears. Think of Amelia Earhart. Think of Charles Lindbergh. He was only a little older than we are, only ten years older than me—suppose he had burst into tears and cried when he hit that sleet storm!"

Bob sat up and looked at her for the first time directly in the eyes. His voice was almost as steady as hers, but there was an accusing note in it. "It was your fault that we got in this mess," he said. "I never would have got into the basket if you hadn't followed me."

Louise drew back and looked at him with startled eyes. "Why Bob," she said hotly, "you told me and the fat little man you were going up. You're a rotten sport to try and blame me."

"I thought you'd pull me out of the basket! I thought you'd make a scene and the man wouldn't let me go up."

"Do you know what you're saying?"

"You bet I do," Bob answered with conviction. "You got me into this mess by following me around."

"If I'm to blame, then I'll get us out of this!" she cried springing to her feet. Her slender body swayed in the wind, and she pulled herself around to the place where a single rope tangled above their heads. She grasped it with both hands and pulled as hard as she could. There was a loud hissing sound—the basket began to drop. Bob sprang to his feet.

"What have you done, you little fool?" he demanded.

"You said it was my fault. Very well, I pulled the rope that lets out the gas. It's our one chance. I've taken it. I'm not going to ride through the clouds with a coward." Louise's voice had gone up on a wild, high note.

Bob stared at her stupidly. The balloon was dropping steadily. He gave one frightened look over the side. It seemed as though the trees were shooting up to meet them. Louise closed her eyes and tried not to think of what would happen.

She must have fainted, for when she opened her eyes again she found that she was lying on the ground and her leg felt as though someone had burned it with red-hot irons. She screamed with pain, and that seemed to clear her brain. She struggled to a sitting position and looked around her, dreading what she might see.

The bag of the balloon had caught on the trees and the basket had tipped and spilled her out. She looked for Bob, but couldn't find him. Then a low moan somewhere in back of her made her turn her head, and she saw him lying near her, and his head was bleeding.

"Louise, Louise," he was saying, "listen to me. You've got to be brave—you've got to be brave."

She blinked her eyes at him. Bob talking about being brave!

"The balloon's hit the ground—" as though she didn't know that already, she thought impatiently. "There isn't a house anywhere near. I think we've landed in the middle of Pine Tree woods. If we have they won't be able to get to us for hours—they can't get through with cars, the woods are so awfully thick."



EXTRA HEAVY WAXED PAPER FOR HOME USE

At last a convenient flat package of waxed paper. The sheets are always in place. The extra heavy quality permits year round uses in the household. Lunches wrapped fresh in FRESH-PACK will stay fresh.

SELLS FOR 10c

Special offer to Girl Scout Troops will enable them to realize good profit on this fast selling package.

Samples and particulars furnished upon request from Leader.

Manufactured by
Waxed Products Co., Inc.
(Bush Terminal)
147-41st St. Brooklyn, N. Y.

KNOW EARN WEAR Girl Scout Merit Badges



Home Nurse—Green Cross Show Your Badge!

Girl Scout Badges add immeasurably to the beauty and distinction of your uniform. Wear them! Let your friends be proud of the honors you have won.

Girl Scout Badges are beautifully designed—and beautifully made by the largest makers of embroidered emblems in the world.

Manufactured by
Lion Brothers Co., Inc.
Baltimore, Maryland
Sold only through Girl Scout National
Equipment Headquarters, New York



Art Corner Your Pictures—Album

Where you can keep them safe and enjoy them always.

Engel

5 Styles **Art Corner** 3 Colors

are on sale at Photo Supply and Album counters everywhere. They are the only Quick, Easy, Artistic, No Paste, No Fold way to mount Kodak Prints. A dime brings 100 and samples to try. Write

ENGEL MFG. CO.
107 Buys 300 Dept. 42 4711 N. Clark St., Chicago



A "Made-to-Order" story by the author who originated the idea—

"Lucky we fell in a clearing," she said. Bob nodded. "The basket tipped and we were thrown out. I was conscious all the time until then, but you fainted after you pulled the rope, Louise—that brave thing to do—he stopped short and his face seemed whiter. Louise put out her hand with a pitiful little cry.

"Oh, Bob, you're terribly hurt. Please don't try and talk any more. I'll call every little while so they'll hear me if anyone is looking for us."

Bob did what he was told. He seemed better when he was stretched out on the ground and a little color crept into his cheeks and lips.

Suddenly he spoke in a quiet voice. "I want to tell you something, Louise." His voice died down and she leaned toward him. He continued faintly:

"I know that I've been a perfect beast to you and Ted and Beth. I know you've disliked me and hated having me in your home. It used to hurt me and make me angry, for I wanted to stay, and there was no one else besides my father who cared whether I was alive or not. I used to brag and bluff and pretend all kinds of bravery—but I really was a coward and you knew it all the time. I was terribly frightened in the balloon. I never would have pulled the rope as you did. I hated myself for not doing it. Then something happened to me—" his voice broke.

"It was your fault," he went on a little later. "I wasn't lying when I said you made me get into the basket, because I was tired of hearing you and the others talking about Lindbergh and other brave men. I thought if I got into the balloon basket and pretended that I was going up that you'd think I was brave—I thought you'd make a scene and make me get out. I wanted you to like me, to look at me the way you look at Ted—"

There was a deep silence after his voice ceased, and Louise let it remain so, for she couldn't think of anything to say. She had almost forgotten the pain in her leg and their dangerous position in the forest for it might be hours before searchers could find them. Why, Bob had been like someone in a fairy tale shut away behind a high stone wall by an old sorcerer. He had been held a prisoner by fear; but now he had done the bravest thing—he had confessed the fear.

"Bob," she began, "you'll never be afraid again—you'll find you can't be!" And then she broke off with a little cry of delight, for through the straight black tree trunks she had seen the distant flash of a lantern, bobbing and swaying like a firefly. "Bob!" she cried, "they're coming for us!"

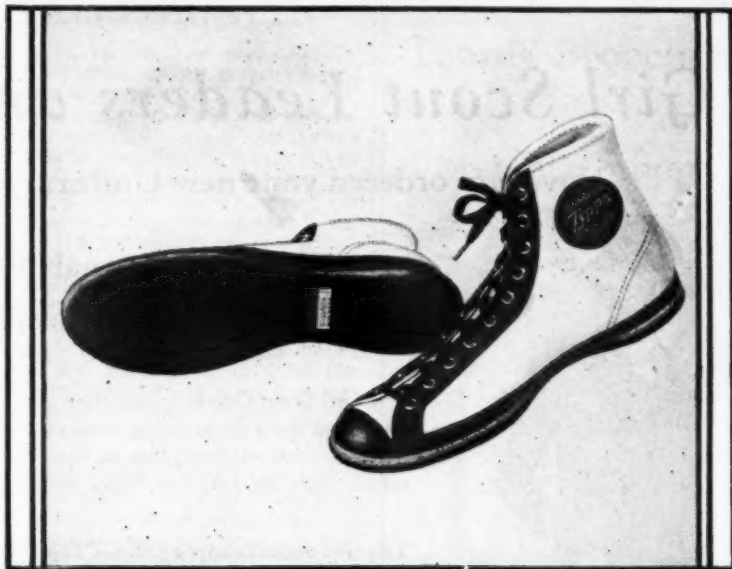
The boy had risen to his knees and Louise looked up into his face, white and blood-stained.

"I'm glad it happened," she said softly, "I'm glad you've shown me the real Bob!"

Bob looked down at his cousin in the dim uncertain light and his eyes were shining and his mouth set in a firm line. "Will you help me, Louise? Will you help me to keep from being afraid again?"

She nodded silently, tears filling her blue eyes. Then she grinned. "You'd better believe I will, Bob Elwell!"

"Here we are. This way!" Bob shouted, and his voice sounded like a call of triumph ringing through the forest.



For romps in September sunshine, or busy "gym" days in bleak November ... A TRIM ATHLETIC SHOE!

A snow-white, grey-trimmed shoe with a special vulcanized crepe sole which cannot peel or scuff off.

And that means that the shoe will last... and last... and last.

You'll find this shoe wonderfully kind to you on hikes

through the fallen leaves, in outdoor classes, and in later fall days when the weather drives you to the "gym" and the basketball floor.

Be sure and ask for the Goodrich Athletic Shoe for Girls when you buy your play-time footwear.

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY Established 1870 Akron, Ohio
In Canada: Canadian Goodrich Rubber Co., Kitchener, Ont.

Goodrich Zipps

Dorothy Canfield Fisher has written one for the November "American Girl"

Girl Scout Leaders and Officers!

Have you ordered your new Uniform for Convention?



Fourteenth Annual National Convention Colorado Springs, Colorado, October 9-13, 1928

The Girl Scout Officer's Uniform—shown at the left—is a well-tailored one-piece coat dress designed for comfort and utility. The uniform comes in two kinds of cloth—a gray green all wool twill fabric, and the official Girl Scout cotton cloth. Sizes 32-44—Wool twill . . . \$25. Girl Scout cloth . . . \$10.

The Girl Scout Leader's Official Top Coat—shown below—is a hand-tailored coat of dark green Chevy Chase cloth lined throughout with dark green silk rayon to match. Sizes 32-44 . . . \$25.

The Girl Scout Cape—shown below—is a storm cape of heavy blanket cloth, with hood, which is detachable, and which affords ample protection in bad weather. A garment especially designed for camp wear by Girl Scouts and Girl Scout leaders. Sizes 32-44 . . . \$20.

Official Hat

The new model officer's hat is made in two grades of dark green felt in a shade that matches the top coat and leather belt. The hat has a tapering

brim, narrower at the back. The full crown is easily adjusted to individual taste. Band of the same material crosses in V at right side where Girl Scout officer's hat insignia may be affixed with pin.

Sizes 6½, 6¾, 7, 7¼, 7½, 7¾, 8

Light weight felt, with insignia	\$3.00
High grade felt, with insignia	4.75
Extra insignia50

Officer's Leather Belt

A practical belt of dark green cowhide with gun metal buckle, hooks and swivels for attaching knife and whistle.

Sizes 28-38 . . . \$1.75. Sizes 40-46 . . . \$2.00.

Officer's Sport Belt

A lighter belt for wear on dress occasions. Made of fine quality dark green suede. Sizes 28-38 . . . \$1.25.

Sizes 40-46 . . . \$1.50.

NATIONAL EQUIPMENT DEPARTMENT
GIRL SCOUTS, INC.

670 LEXINGTON AVENUE
NEW YORK CITY



If your troop room looks shabby when you return to it this fall—

The Flanders

Ocean City, N. J.

(10 Miles South of Atlantic City)

*A Beautiful Hotel
and Resort for the
American Family*

THE FLANDERS

is a fireproof structure of 232 rooms, each with toilet and bath facilities. Thoroughly modern, beautifully appointed, and has an ideal location directly on the Boardwalk at Eleventh Street. American Plan. Open air sea water pool and bath department. Golf, tennis, riding, swimming, yachting, fishing and other outdoor sports.

J. HOWARD SLOCUM
President-manager

The Princeton Inn, Princeton, N. J.
under same management



Cuticura
Loveliness
A Clear
Healthy Skin
Insured by Every-day
Use of Cuticura Soap

BIGGEST BARGAIN SALE !!
Newest Shape Ladies Wrist Watch
Direct From Switzerland
This exquisite watch
anywhere, our special
14 K. solid white gold effect ladies' wrist watch. Assorted shapes:
rectangular, square, round, oval—all same price. Highest quality
jeweled movement, tested and adjusted accurately. Absolutely un-
dered. Two years' written guarantee. Send no money. Pay postman
\$1.00. JENKINS, 623 Broadway, New York, Dept. 29929

"I Am a Girl Who—"

(Continued from page 13)
in "dates," or clothes, or getting good grades in school.

I used to get irritated and half-desperate over this; but now that I am a little older, I am learning to pick various friends from among those who have things in common with me—finding one kind of affinity in one, another in another. It is a mistake to expect to find all that is delightful in any one person.

Another thing I've discovered. When one finds people incompatible, it doesn't do to yield to the impulse to shut up tight. That is easy to do. But I think one has no right to do it. One can't, anyway. We're all so mixed up with one another! I wouldn't know myself by myself! I can't ignore half the world and really go on living in it. If I do, I lose touch with life and shut myself from happiness I might have. It's much more fun to take everything as it is and experiment to see what can be done with it rather than to say, "I won't play."

There is another solution, too, and that is to try to become like everyone else, because one is afraid of being considered "different."

Of course, living with others, and doing the things they do, one can't help adapting one's self somewhat. If one doesn't go some distance along with the crowd, one is continually uncomfortable, misunderstood, and neglected. Ask me—I know! It's strange how, as a whole, people mistrust and seem even to hate those they think are "different." Everything nowadays seems to conspire to make people all alike.

Who does know the best way out? I don't. I'm still trying to work out my own salvation. I'm sure I seem to the majority "kinda dumb" and not worth noticing. I'm so far out of their interests, they finally just ignore my existence. But I can enter into theirs! I perambulate around among them, like an invisible spirit, observing and mentally noting down everything about them.

And there is always the chance that I may at any moment have the thrill of coming upon something unexpected.

Maybe the solution to my problem is to be worked out in that way. But it is a kind of double life that I lead: the ordinary outside existence that everyone sees and judges by, and my glowing, wonderful, incommunicable inner life. And it leaves me at odds with myself. I am not a real unity. I cannot be when there is a conflict going on, a perpetual interplay of two natures, two viewpoints—practical and idealistic—real and unreal. I wish there were a way of knowing the best road to take and the goal most worth pursuing!

Must not one treasure, above all, one's inner self?

NOTE: Perhaps you, too, have a problem that is bothering you, just as this girl had. If you will write a letter to THE AMERICAN GIRL about it, and mark the envelope "Personal," you will receive a reply from the editor of "I Am a Girl Who—." No letter will be printed without the permission of the writer.

Tennis Brooches of Sterling Silver



Actual size
\$2.50



Actual size
\$1.50

The latest novelty hit—a really high-grade article of fine workmanship and design, beautiful to look at, attractive and practical for Sports and Dress wear. Makes an ideal holiday or birthday gift.

If your jeweler is unable to supply you, order direct. Send money order or check. We pay postage and insurance

THE THOMAE CO.

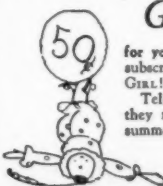
Makers of the Famous Thomae Enamels
67 Mechanics St. Attleboro, Mass.

**The Award of A Girl Scout
Badge or Insignia
Is a Definite Recognition
of Accomplishment
Wear them Always**

Sold exclusively by the
National Equipment Department
of the Girl Scouts

We would be interested in receiving inquiries from other organizations of either a local or national character, relative to our products.

THE MEDALLIC ART COMPANY
210 East 51st St.
New York City



Good News!

for your friends who have never subscribed to THE AMERICAN GIRL!

Tell them that, if they hurry, they may take advantage of the summer offer which will bring the magazine to them for five months for only fifty cents.

If you want some subscription blanks to distribute, write to
**ELSIE WRASE, 670 Lexington Avenue
New York, N. Y.**

FREE CATALOGUE—
SHOWING OVER 150 GIFTS
Send your name and address at once for our FREE catalogue showing over 150 different gifts—dolls, cameras, fountain pens, wrist watches, games, etc. They are yours without cost for selling White's Christmas Cards at \$1 per box—a \$2 value.
**WHITE'S QUANT SHOP, Dept. D
Westfield, Mass.**

EAGLE ART COMPANY

42 Ames St., Medford, Mass.

Fancy Leathers for Craft Workers
A three-cent stamp brings you samples. Sold by the whole or half skin or cut to measure. Tools and accessories for leather workers.

You will welcome the suggestions for fixing it up by Helen Perry Curtis

Standard Price List for Girl Scout Equipment

EFFECTIVE FOR THE CURRENT MONTH

SEPTEMBER - 1928

Girl Scout Uniforms			Price	Price		
Girl Scout Dress, green...	Size 8-12	\$4.25		Girl Scout Nature Trail Guides		\$1.50
Hat, Girl Scout...	10-14	1.30		Tenderfoot...		\$1.50
Skirt...	10-14	2.75		First Class and Rambler...		.05
Bloomers...	10-14	2.75		Second Class and Observer...		.10
Knee Band Bloomers...	10-14	3.00		Per Set of 3...		.15
Middy (Official)...	10-14	1.75		Nature Projects—		
Web Belt...	28-38	.05		Set of three (Bird, Tree and Flower Finder) with note-book cover...		1.50
Girl Scout Top Coat...	8-12	16.00		Projects, each...		.40
Officer's Dress				Rock, Bird, Tree or Flower instruction sheet, each...		.10
Wool...	32-44	25.00		Garden Flower Project...		.40
Cotton...	32-44	10.00		Insect Finder Project...		.50
Hat, Officer's, with insignia				Rock Finder Project...		.10
Li. wt. felt...	6-8	3.00		Star Finder Project...		.20
High grade felt...	6-8	4.75		with Planisphere...		.20
Leather, with hooks...	28-38	1.75		Land Animal Finder Project...		.40
Suede, dress...	40-40	2.00		(These projects not supplied in book cover)		
Officer's Top Coat...	32-44	25.00		Audubon Bird Plates (set of 50)...		1.00
Officer's Cape...	32-44	20.00		Pageant—		
Neckchiefs, silk, each...	28-38	1.25		Girl Scout's Hope Chest (By Alice Sandiford)...		.15
Black and green neckchiefs, each...	40-40	1.50		Patrol Register, each...		.15
Colors: green, purple, dark blue, light blue, brown, cardinal, black, and yellow				Patrol System for Girl Guides...		.25
Yellow Slickers...	10	\$3.75		Plays—		
	12	4.00		How St. John Came to Bener's School...		.15
	14-20	5.00		A Pot of Helianthus...		.15
Sweaters—Brown and Green Heather				Why the Kubbish?		.15
Coat Model...	32-40	8.00		Everybody's Affair...		.15
Slipover Model...	32-40	7.00		When the Four Winds Met (By Olea Schottky)...		.15
Brownie Uniforms				Magic Gold Pieces (By Margaret Mackie)...		.15
Brownie Dress...	8-12	\$2.65		Lots of ten or more, each...		.10
Cap...		.35		Simple Dramatics for Troop Meetings...		.50
Belt, Leather Sides 26-28-30...		.50		Post Cards—		
† Brownie Wings...		.10		Set of Six (Silhouette)...		1.00
† Golden Hand...		.10		1 dozen sets...		.10
† Golden Bar...		.10		Set of four (Colored) (Fall, Winter, Spring, Summer, Sets cannot be broken)...		.15
† Emblems...		.10		1 dozen sets...		1.50
Badges				Girl Scout National Headquarters 2 for .05		
† Attendance Stars				Washington Little House (Exterior)...		.02
Gold...		.10		Washington Little House (Doorway)...		.02
† First Class Badge...		.25		Girl Scout Laws (By E. B. Price)...		.40
† Flower Crests...		.15		Girl Scout's Promise...		.05
† Life Saving Crosses				Per hundred...		4.50
Silver...		1.75		Brownie Laws...		.03
† Proficiency Badges...		1.50		Brownie Song...		.03
† Second Class Badge...		.15		Series of Law Cards		
† Thanks Badge				Per hundred...		4.50
Heavy gold plate with bar...		3.00		"A Girl Scout is Cheerful"		
10 K Gold Pin...		5.00		"A Girl Scout's Honor is to be Trusted"		
Gold Plate Pins...		.75		"A Girl Scout is Kind to Animals"		
Silver Plate...		.75		"A Girl Scout is Thrifty"		
Insignia				Any of above, each...		.03
† Armband...		\$3.25		Per hundred...		2.50
† Corporal's Chevron...		.10		Posters—		
† Ex-Patrol Leader's Chevron...		.20		New Building Poster 9 1/2 x 11 1/4		.10
† Hat Insignia (for Captain's hat)...		.50		Per dozen...		1.00
† Lapels—G. S., for Girl Scouts...		.20		Girl Scout Creed (By Henry Van Dyke)...		.15
† Patrol Leader's Chevron...		.15		Girl Scout's Promise, 11x10...		.15
Pins				Per hundred...		10.00
† Brownie...		.15		Girl Scout's Promise, 8x11...		.10
† Brown Owl Pin...		.25		Per hundred...		8.00
† Committee...		.75		Girl Scout Laws		
† Community Service...		.35		Size 14 x 10...		.30
† Golden Eagle...		1.50		Size 9 x 11...		.10
† Lapels—G. S., Brownie...		.50		Producing Amateur Entertainments (By Helen Ferris)...		2.00
10 K Gold (safety catch)...		3.00		Scout Masterpiece...		1.50
Gold Filled (safety catch)...		.75		Three Degrees in Hiking...		.10
New Plain type...		.15		Tramping and Trailing with the Girl Scouts...		.35
Old style plain pin...		.05		Tree Marker (not engraved)...		8.00
Midnight gold filled...		.50		Troop Management Course...		.75
Worn by Officers or Girl Scouts when not in uniform				Troop Register (Field Notebook Size)...		1.55
† Senior Girl Scout Pin...		.75		Additional Sheets		
† Tawny Owl Pin...		.25		Cash Record (15 sheets)...		.25c package
Songs				Per sheet (broken pkg.)...		.3c ea
America, the Beautiful...		.05				
Are You There?...		.10				
Enrollment...		.15				
Everybody Ought to Be a Scout...		.15				
First National Training School...		.25				
Girl Guide...		.25				
Girl Scout Song Book...		.50				

Important Instructions for Ordering Equipment

1. Girl Scout Equipment can be sold only upon written approval of registered captain.
2. Cash must accompany all orders. All checks, drafts, or money orders should be made payable to the order of Girl Scouts, Inc. Headquarters.
3. Girl Scout buttons, patterns and coat lapels are sold only when official Girl Scout green cloth is purchased from National Headquarters.
4. Hats are not returnable. See order blank for size.

When you buy Girl Scout Equipment, please remember that you are helping to finance the promotion of Girl Scouting throughout the country, and to maintain your National Organization. Above prices are postage paid and subject to change without notice.

†Authorized department stores cannot sell these items.

*Sold only on Approval of the Committee on Standards and Awards.

Mail all Orders to **GIRL SCOUTS, Inc.** 670 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

When you patronize our advertisers, please mention "The American Girl"

Easy Way to Make Money



Hundreds of boys and girls who want extra spending money for Christmas make it in a short time selling

Christmas Greeting Cards and Folders in Box Assortments

by showing the folks of your neighborhood our marvelous Assortment of Christmas Greeting Cards. The cards are so beautiful and such good value that they sell themselves.

21 Superb XMAS Cards and Folders

Sells for \$1.00—Costs You 50c

Our magnificent Assortment contains 21 high grade Xmas Greeting Cards and Folders, each with envelopes. Steel engraving, French water coloring, sparkling metallic, gold and silver effects, paneling and bordering. This Assortment sells for only \$1.00 and costs you but 50 cents.

If you want to make money write immediately for full particulars and free samples.
WALTHAM ART PUBLISHERS, 7 Water St., Dept. 87, Boston, Mass.



CHRISTMAS AND CAMPING MONEY EASILY EARNED

On order of Captain, we will send any group as many boxed assortments of die-stamped Christmas Cards as you can sell. 21 for \$1.00 and allow until Jan. 1st to remit. 30% Commission on all orders and bonus on \$100.00, giving profit of \$37.00. Prepaid east of the Mississippi. For samples and further information, address

MERRILL MAX MILLER
NEWPORT, VERMONT

Troops Earn Money

SELLING

Highest Grade Assorted 5c CHOCOLATE COVERED BARS

22 Varieties

Offer not good in South or West
PAY FOR BARS IN 30 DAYS

L. E. AUSTIN

760 West End Ave., New York City

Please send information regarding your money-earning plan for societies, girls' clubs, etc.

Name

Street

City and State

Make Troop Money—Easy!

Big profits selling our \$1 box 24 beautiful hand-engraved Christmas Cards and Folders. Wonderful value! Also great demand for Greeting Cards with personal or business names. Take orders NOW. Write for sample box and instructions.

HELEN ACREE STUDIOS

Dept. A, 35 E. 30th St.

New York



How Many Christmas Cards Can You Use at 50c a Dozen?

Twelve assorted Engraved Greeting Cards 50 cents a dozen. Many with time-lined envelopes. Send coin, stamps or money-order. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Earn REAL MONEY selling to friends.

YULETIDE KARD KRAFTERS
Harrisburg Pennsylvania



When Stamps Are Your Hobby

By OSBORNE B. BOND

AS FIRST mentioned in the July issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL, a new five-cent air mail stamp has made its appearance in order to conform to the new rates of postage for air mail which became effective on August first.

The new stamp, which is a horizontal rectangle, is one of the most beautiful issued in a long time. It is printed in two colors, the outside border being in red and the center vignette in blue.

The central design represents the beacon light on Sherman Hill, in the Rocky Mountains, with a mail plane in flight at the left. In a panel at the top of the stamp are the words "U. S. Postage" in white Roman letters, and on ribbons directly beneath, supported by acanthus scrolls, are the words "Air" on the left and "Mail" on the right. Ornamental designs appear in the upper corners and in the lower corners and, within circles with dark backgrounds, is the white numeral "5." A white bordered panel at the bottom of the stamp contains the word "cents" in white Roman letters.

The post office department announced that no first flight or special cancellations would be used by any city to show that letters were carried in the first flight under the new rate. Undoubtedly, several cities did use special cancellations despite this announcement, but at the time that this column is being written it is impossible to say just what these cities are.

On August first, two air mail routes went into operation, one between Salt Lake City, Utah, and Great Falls, Montana, another between Cleveland, Ohio, and Louisville, Kentucky. There were six cities on each of these two routes and all of the twelve cities concerned used special cancellation stamps. These first flight cancellations on the same cover with the new air mail stamp should prove interesting to collectors.

In order to celebrate the annexation of Bessarabia, Roumania has issued a set of seven very large and attractive stamps of three different designs. One of these is illustrated above.

On August thirteenth, the post office at Honolulu, Hawaii, placed on sale two surcharged postage stamps, in connection with the sesquicentennial celebration.

This issue was limited to the two and five cent stamps of the current series. These surcharged stamps have not been (nor will they be) placed on sale in post offices within the United States proper, but the editor of this column has made arrangements to secure a limited quantity of stamps. If you will send ten cents—which includes return postage—he will send you one of each denomination.

THE PACKET OF CURIOUS STAMPS
Africa (springbok), Esthonia (phantom ship), Greece (dying soldier), Jugoslavia (nude slave), Kenya, Uganda, Quilman, Samoa, Togo, Turkey (wolf); Iran and tiger stamps, airmail, postage due, commemorative, statuary, map, special delivery, money stamps, and many other curious ones. Also set of six freshish Azerbaijan "swindle stamps." ALL FOR 5c. Approvals and big price-list with each order.
DEKALB STAMP CO., Box 37, Garrett, Ind.

FANTASTIC SCENERY PACKET
Contains all different stamps of far-away countries depicting wonderful thrilling scenes. Includes: Belgium (Gatan with pitchefork); Barbados (sardet and flying horses); Chile (battle scene); Egypt (pyramid and pyramid); Jugoslavia (nude slave breakfast chain); Newfoundland (wild cat); Malay (ferocious tiger); Trinidad (Goddess of Victory); Tunis (fighting Arab); and others. To approval applicants enclosing 5c this great packet will be sent.

PIKES PEAK STAMP CO., Box 215, Colorado Springs, Colo.
IMPORTANT: If you set right now, we will also include free, a triangle stamp, perforation gauge and a small pocket of stamps.

ANCHER'S \$\$\$ OUTFIT—ONLY 12c!

Fine triangle stamp; set German stamps with (prizes) value of forty million dollars (interesting); perforation gauge and mime. scale; small album; 1 air-mail set; scarce stamp from smallest republic on earth; 1 newspaper set; packet good stamps from Transvaal, Malay, Dutch India, etc., etc.—entire outfit for 12c, to approval applicants. Nice pocket stockbook, val. 25c, with every order.
ANCHER STAMP CO., 148a Clark Street, Jersey City, N.J.

Get This United States Packet

A special packet of 50 different United States Stamps. Postage, dues, revenues, commemoratives, etc., all for only 12c to approval applicants only.

CLEARFIELD STAMP COMPANY
P. O. Box 98V East Liberty, Pittsburgh, Pa.

HALF-A-CENT-TO-A-DOLLAR

Net Approvals at Fair Prices

HARRY R. STEVENS, 239 Quincy St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

86 Var. Packet Jamboree 35¢

MANDELL—635 E. Allegheny, Phila., Pa.

COLLECTORS, write for my High Grade

Approvals today. You will find many bargains and interesting stamps. Ross A. Young, 8103 Drexel Ave., Chicago, Ill.

101 Stamps FREE! With Approvals. Postage 2c

300 diff. 25c 1000 diff. 75c 2000 diff. \$2.75
JOHNSON STAMP CO., (SN) Jamestown, N. Y.

ARE YOU THINKING OF BUYING STAMPS? Here is an offer to you, to try my stamps at a penny each. You know free stamps are usually junk, good ones cost money. I will send you 25 stamps for 25c. Try me and be convinced. Grant, 6317 18th Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Free !! Free !! Foreign stamps absolutely free for collectors. Send a 2c unused stamp to cover postage. Ben Meyer, G.S., G.P.O. Box 471, New York

AIR MAIL

5 beautiful stamps, mint 12
A. F. Simionescu, Hackensack, N.J.

STAMPS: 105 China etc., 2c. Album (500 illust.) 5c.
List free. Bullard, B. Bay, Dept. 20, Boston

Write for free list of Packets and Sets.

Neil Gronberg, Box 3441, Philadelphia, Pa.

Make beautiful articles yourself of Leather

Book covers, pocketbooks, brief cases, bags, belts and all kinds of beautiful, useful articles. Easy to make with Graton & Knight craft leathers. Patterns, designs and tools furnished.

Send this advertisement with 10c for the 96-page Leathercraft book that gives complete instructions on how to make many interesting articles of leather.

Graton & Knight Company
Worcester, Mass.

B Join the G
O DUANE CLUB I
Y Membership Free R
S No Dues L
S No Assessments to Pay S

Organized for mutual recreation and profit. Membership open to boys and girls from 12 to 18 years. Everybody eligible. Greatest for fun, recreation and an opportunity to earn cash and valuable articles of everyday use. Send name and address for membership card and full particulars. Fill in coupon. Mail today.
DUANE CLUB, 135 Duane St., New York

DUANE CLUB, Dept. 773
135 Duane St., New York

Without obligation on my part, please enroll me as a member of your club.

Name

Address

City

State

My age is

Five months for fifty cents—but the offer closes soon. Subscribe now!

Our September Contents

Art and Poetry

Cover Design *Starr Gephart*
 Sea Fever *John Masefield* 6
 Decoration by *P. Shanahan*

Stories

Wanted: a Grandparent *Ernest E. Stanford* 7
 Illustrations by *W. C. Nims*
 The Fair Balloon *Mabel Cleland* 10
 Illustration by *Russell Patterson*
 Commencement for Midge and Glo and Me *Mary Frances Shuford* 16
 Illustrations by *John McCormick*
 The Dryad and the Hired Boy *Ethel Cook Eliot* 20
 Illustrations by *C. J. McCarthy*

Special Articles

"I Am a Girl Who—" . . . 13
 Decoration by *Gertrude Kober*

Our Merit Badge Pages

A New Kind of Supper for Sunday Night (*Cook*) *Winifred Moses* 14
 Illustration by *Cornelia Brownlee*
 Pine Needle Baskets (*Craftsman*) *Fay Welch* 19
 Let's Talk About You and Me (*Dressmaker*) *Hazel Rawson Cades* 25
 Illustration by *Katharine Shane*
 Books to Enjoy in Your Leisure Hours (*Scribe*) *May Lamberton Becker* 40

Our Girl Scout Pictures

From Reveille to Taps . . . 26, 27

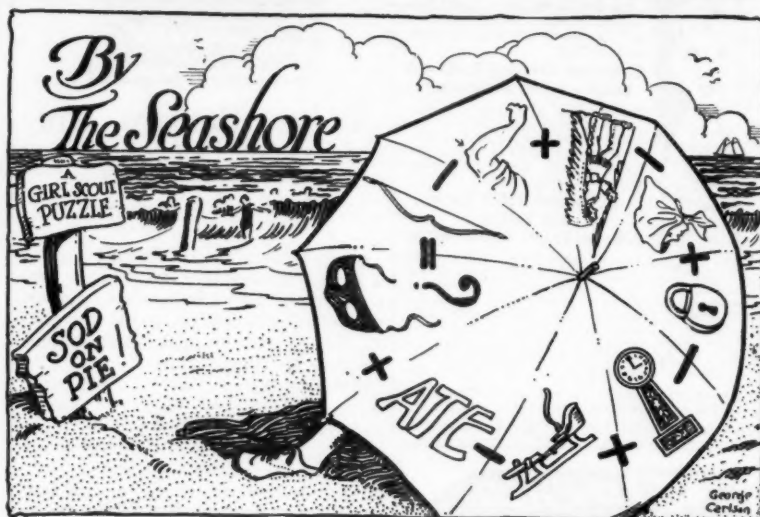
Our Scribes' Corner

Where Girl Scouts Pitch Their Tents . . . 28

Other Pages of Interest

The Juliette Low Fund . . . 3
 Along the Editor's Trail . . . 5
 Cast Your Ballot in Our What-I-Wish-in-My-Magazine Contest 23
 If I were the Editor of THE AMERICAN GIRL, this is what I'd do . . . 24
 Laugh and Grow Scout . . . 39
 When Stamps Are Your Hobby *Osborne B. Bond* 49
 Our Puzzle Pack *George Carlson* 50

OUR PUZZLE PACK



By The Shore

Wandering along the beach not long ago, we came across a Girl Scout friend who was also enjoying a vacation by the deep blue sea.

She was sitting in the shade of a large beach umbrella and the queer pictures and diagrams drawn on it attracted much attention. On closer study it proved to be a puzzle sum. By adding and subtracting the names of the objects indicated, we can make the name of a well known deep sea fish.

The odd inscription on the little sign is really the name of a sea-god in mythology, only the letters have been jumbled a bit and are waiting for you to rearrange them.

Word Jumping

By changing one letter in the word at a time, bring FISH to NETS in eight moves.

Puzzle Pack Word Square

From the following definitions build up a five-letter word square.

1. A happening
2. Bravery
3. A girl's name
4. A loud sound
5. Large plants

An Enigma

I am the title of a well known song appropriate to this time of the year and containing nineteen letters.

- My 14, 7, 12, 8, 16, is a tempest.
 My 17, 5, 10, 1, is part of a ship.
 My 19, 3, 11, 13, is a chain of rocks near the surface of water.
 My 2, 9, 4, 18, is a cavity.
 My 15, 6, is ourselves.

Concealed Biblical Names

Hidden in the following sentences are the names of five well known women characters in the Old Testament.

1. The color of one piece of cloth was a sort of écu, the other mauve.
2. The painter seemed to favor a deep tone of sienna, omitting the use of lighter shades.
3. Because he was one of the oldest here in town, they honored him.
4. We have very often worked over similar puzzles.
5. There rode the gaily clad hussar ahead of his troop.

Add A Letter

By adding one letter at the beginning of each of the following words, five new words will be formed. The five added letters will spell the name of a kind of ship.

Ear. Men. Lap. Eat. Rap.

Curtailed Word

From the name of a small unit of weight take away a letter and leave a facial expression, take away another and leave an alcoholic liquid, another letter taken away leaves a preposition, one more letter away leaves a pronoun.

A Mystery Letter



The address on this letter has been put into rebus form. Can you tell the name of the girl to whom it is addressed, as well as the name of the city and state?

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES

THE BIRD WALK: Horizontals; Sparrow, Cardinal, Starling, Robin, Egret.
 Verticals: Grouse, Partridge, Lark, Wren, Oriole, Owl.
 Word Jump: Wren, when, whet, whit, wait, wart, dart, dark, lark.

PUZZLE PACK WORD SQUARE:

Q U E R L
 U N D U E
 E D I L E
 R U L E R
 L E E R S

WORD JUMPING: Wild, mild, mile, time, tame.
 CHARADE: Alaska.

CHANGED GEOGRAPHY: HUNTON—heron, York—fork, Siam—sham, Rhine—shine, Nile—nine, Alps—alms.

ADD A LETTER: The five added letters spell MACAW.

AN ACROSTIC: Leaf, isle, lair, yarn, LILY, FERN.

AN ENIGMA: "O, Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean."

See pages twenty-three and twenty-four for our new What-I-Wish Contest



Home is the pleasantest kind of school

YES, you are going to school even when you are at home. For that is where every girl gets her training for the responsibility that will some day be hers—that of making a home of her own.

If you aren't interested in helping take care of the home you are growing up in, you won't know nearly enough—when you start housekeeping yourself—to manage your own home well.

Everything that you do now to keep the house clean and orderly will make you just that much more successful in keeping your own house in beautiful order.

For example, one of the simplest of all the household duties—the dusting. If, instead of carelessly running a dust-cloth over everything, you learn to use your mother's Hoover dusting tools, you have found out three very important things:

First, that real housekeeping means get-

ting things truly clean. Second, that whenever you use a mechanical device instead of doing the work by hand, you get through sooner and are not as tired. (And that will be very important to you when you have a whole house to care for.) Third, that a fine mechanical device does much *better* work than you can do by hand. (If you want to prove that, try sweeping a corner of the rug with a broom, and then see how much dirt you can still get out of that corner with The Hoover.)

And when you have learned these three things, you are well started toward becoming what every girl hopes some day to be—a really efficient housekeeper.

THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO
The oldest and largest maker of electric cleaners
The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario

The HOOVER
It BEATS . . . as it Sweeps as it Cleans



A *new* roommate for the youth of America

School claims them—boys and girls, youth of America. Away they troop, tanned and rested, ready for their classes. Many of these youngsters know the Royal Portable—know it as the friendly, companionable little machine upon which they first learned the magic of changing "a b c's" to words—the thrill of building sentences on paper.

From grade to grade the Royal Portable goes, helping its users to do better work, to win higher marks—making a habit of thoroughness. With its aid, homework of all kinds is neatly and quickly done.

Everyone in the family uses the Royal Portable—father, often far into the night; son and daughter, on college work; and mother, for her correspondence. Light, handy, compact—the simplest and easiest to operate of all small typewriters!

The Royal Portable is made by the makers of the famous standard *Easy-Writing* Royal. It is built to last a life-time and is priced within the reach of all—only \$60, in colors or wood finishes, complete with carrying case. Gradual payments if desired. Prices slightly higher in Canada.



ROYAL
TRADE MARK
**PORTABLE
TYPEWRITER**

